TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

I like to hear a preacher in the pulpit express his views strongly, as if he thoroughly understands what he is talking about and believes there can be but one opinion as to the verity of his words. We are most apt to sigh for this sort of preaching when we hear cautious and noncommittal men indulging in so many "if's" and "and's" and modifying clauses that when they get done we wonder what they have been talking about. On the other hand, while we cannot fail to be impressed by the terse vigor and sometimes slangy directness of evangelists like Sam Jones, we almost wish, when we see their words in cold type, that they had been suppressed. The Rev. John L. Scudder, the noted pastor of Jersey City Tabernacle, is what might be called a strong preacher. Last Sunday was his day for denouncing dancing, and he jumped upon it with all his might, winding up with the startling statement that the liberty allowed at fashionable dances causes crime and vice, and that the statistics of the New York police prove that three-fourths of the vicious women have been led astray by dancing. I cannot imagine how a preacher could have nerve enough to make the latter statement before an audience composed of people, half of whom were in the habit of attending dances, and of which a large percentage of the male portion were sufficiently men of the world to know the real causes which lead women to abandon decency and live lives of shame. While a reporter I remember hearing a paper read by one of the leading ladies of Toronto before the Woman's Christian Temperance Association, which honestly admitted that drink was not the primary cause of the debasement of women. This lady, who is still alive and has done more to save the fallen, and has visited and talked with more degraded women than any other woman in the city, stated that laziness, fondness of dress and the love of intrigue were the principal reasons why women embrace a life of shame, and further, that the same reasons prevent their reclamation. Newspaper men, who have sat in the police courts of various cities, know that the most cunning of the women of the street have always a pitiful story to tell of their ruin, and they also are aware how little credence is placed in their statements by those who, on behalf of public morality, are forced to prosecute offenders. I always feel sorry for a gaudily-decked women who, while retaining some good qualities, has abandoned all that could make her sweet and attractive and has lost that which made her worthy of confidence and affection, but I firmly believe that the majority of them, while they may have made mistakes which made them reckless—because at the time they seemed irreparable—are, nevertheless, continuing their evil ways from choice rather than absolute necessity. Another thing is plain, and I was glad to hear the pastor of the church I endeavor to attend, refer to it the other Sunday morning—there is no effort made to save these people. Without saying so he admitted that he dare not enter a house of ill fame in order to persuade the inmates to a better life, yet he felt his duty was incomplete until he had carried the message even to the wanderer so scorned by society that the robes of decency are pulled aside lest they touch the gown of the scarlet woman.

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That there are improprieties in dancing cannot be denied; that music—waltz music in particular—is sensuous and enthralling is true; and when to its seductive charms the rhythm of motion and the embrace of a partner is added, we must be aware that youth and passion are very close to temptation. Such conduct as is permitted in public and promiscuous dances, though it may not seem much worse than the lax conventionalities of society, certainly passes the narrow line which separates what is permissable from what is improper. As the Rev. Mr. Scudder truthfully remarks, no decent woman should permit her waist to be encircled by the arm of a man she never saw before. Further still, girls should not be permitted to go to parties where they will meet people of whom they have no knowledge unless they thoroughly understand that the hostess is rigid and uncompromising as to the character of her male guests. Of how many of those who give dancing parties is this true? Young men are invited because they are good dancers, not because they are good men. Very frequently amongst those classes where the conventions are not strictly adhered to the young men are asked to bring a friend by the daughters of unwise mothers, who feel that it is a more terrible thing at a dancing party to have wallflowers than dishonorable partners. Worse still are the entertainments given by clubs of young people in public halls where any young man who has a dollar can gain admission. It was at such a place the poor girl who lately met such a terrible fate in Montreal came to her ruin. But when we sum up all the instances of wreckage of virtue with which we are personally cognizant the Rev. Mr. Scudder's statement still by far exceeds the truth. It is the looseness of parental government, the laxity of individual virtue, the fondness for dress, the love of intrigue and the hatred of honest toil which prepares a girl for a life of sin. It is not the dancing party which is to blame so much as the carelessness of the parent which permits the daughter to run about at night, that is at the root of the evil. The seed of folly is often sown or permitted to grow unchecked in the heart before the child is old enough to wear long frocks.

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An instance of how old prejudices survive was found in the discussion of cremation at the Church Congress at Manchester, to which I have previously referred. Every one who has read the arguments in favor of destroying by fire the bodies of the dead, knows that the danger of poisoning the air, the soil, and the water, are almost entirely obviated by cremation. But the Bishop of Nottingham holds that cremation is abhorrent in the sight of God, unnatural to our feelings, and that it is almost like murder for a man or woman to take the responsibility of destroying that which is probably to be raised at the resurrection day. He thinks the body should be left in the hands of its Maker to be dealt with by him alone, until the soul returns to its tenement. This argument is as strong against burial as it is against burning. What right have we to cover the body with earth and perhaps by clods and sods keep the soul from coming back to it? It is no more absurd to imagine that the soul could not find its way through the earth to the tabernacle it once inhabited than it is to argue that the particles set at liberty by heat could not be called together at the last day. Lord Shaftesbury once answered this objection by the pertinent inquiry, "What then is to become of the martyrs? they were burned." Are we to suppose that on resurrection morning their souls are to go naked because of the fire? It is a frightfully absurd contention, and it is wonderful that cultured clergymen can take such a narrow view both of God's work and the soul's future.

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Madame Bernhardt and the Hon. Mr. Gladstone are the latest to venture an opinion on the vexed question, "Is marriage a failure?" Both their utterances are valuable, as they are from widely separated standpoints. The slender Sara has experimented, matrimonially, as but few women dare, and should be competent to speak of the various phases of married life, she having tried it both with and without the sanction of the priest. She believes that the chance for a divorce would add considerable relish to matrimony. Knowing her history, no one can be surprised at this expression of her well-known taste for variety. She thinks that it would add an amorous piquancy to reconciliations after domestic quarrels. It is possible. I imagine that with divorces easily obtainable reconciliations of any kind would be less frequent. Habit and comfort are both on the side of old shoes to which we have become accustomed, but fashion and transient fancy lead us to buy new ones, even though they are uncomfortable at the start, and with Sara's system in vogue old wives and old husbands would be discarded with no more serious thought or lasting inconvenience to the conscience than is felt in tossing aside slippers a little down at the heel. But worst of all would be the new matrimonial shoes! How many of them would be thrown aside before our corns became accustomed to their awkward shape and the tender places had ceased to be chafed by the unpliant leather? Mr. Gladstone holds that easily obtained divorce is one of the bars to the progress of the United States, and it will strike the Canadian mind that he is much nearer right than the fickle Sara. There can be no national greatness where the home life is neither permanent nor pure.

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Parkdale is having an interesting fight over the annexation question, and, as is their wont, the debaters in that ambitious suburb conduct their controversies in wild Western style. The anti-annexationists have been very forcible in their expressions, and I don't imagine their cause has been at all strengthened by their tendency to call names. Just why in the light of a comparison of city and suburban taxes there should be so strong a party opposed to the union of the town and city it is hard to find out. The annexation of Parkdale to Toronto would not help the city in any sense except in enabling it to boast of a larger population. That it would help the town by giving it the benefit of the city's organization must be apparent to all except those who believe that Toronto is so villainously managed that half the taxes are stolen. To-night will tell the story. I imagine that in the very soon hereafter Toronto will stretch westward almost to Hamilton.

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Mayor Clarke has again shown his honesty, strength of character and determination that public works, during his administration, shall be properly managed. It appears that Pavement Inspector Earls, in charge of the Ossington avenue work, has been derelict in his duty, and the matter was likely to be quieted by his dismissal, but the Mayor insisted that the conduct of Assistant City Engineer Macdougall and Chief Inspector Parker should be investigated, and that the underling should not be made the scape goat for the alleged faults of his superior officers. I hear that the whole matter came to the surface by accident. the Mayor and another city official having visited Ossington avenue to verify a rumor with regard to the removal of earth from that street to fill cavities on some other land, it having been hinted that there was something wrong, and that the loose dirt had not been paid for. While there it was noticed that the cedar blocks were not at all up to the specifications and the sand used for filling in was more than half loam. On inquiring of Inspector Earls, in charge, why he was permitting this he replied that he had already reported to his principals that the work was not according to specifications but had not been listened to. I am told that afterwards when his superiors heard of his answer he was dismissed from the city's service. If the statement as I have received it is correct the Mayor also would have been derelict in his duty if he had not had the matter thoroughly investigated. If the case is as stated, the whole gang of them should be dismissed. It would be a wholesome lesson to the officials in charge of public works, and one that public morals urgently demands. How far the punishment should bear on Earls, who was the sub-inspector, depends upon the construction which has been ordinarily placed upon his duty, and whether he had discharged it by reporting to his chief.

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Fanny Davenport, who has been drawing such large crowds to see her chamber of horrors in Fedora and La Tosca, has also communicated her opinion to the *World* on the marriage question. She does not think it a failure. Though her personal experience has been unfortunate, she cites as an offset to her own case the perfect union between her parents and the happy marriages of two of her sister. Everyone knows that the majority of theatrical stars are not happy in their matrimonial relations nor is the cause hard to find. It must be unpleasant for the husband of an actress to see her in the arms of a handsome stage lover and *vice versa*, and the absence of home life makes it difficult to find an opportunity for the reconciliations which are sure to come to well-disposed people when they sit by their own hearth, or are playing with the babies of an evening. Of course Fanny Davenport believes in divorces. She has had some herself; it is scarcely a year since she separated from Edward Price.

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Talking about Fanny Davenport reminds me of the last time I saw her. I think it was in 1880 or 1881 when Sara Bernhardt first came to America. It happened in several cities that Fanny Davenport immediately preceded Sara Bernhardt in some of the theatres and with the sublime confidence in her own merit which has characterized her she invariably adopted the roles to be presented by the great French emotionalist. I saw her in Camille one night and Sara Bernhardt in the same character the following evening. Davenport, of course, is not as good an actress as Bernhardt, but she spoke English and the other one didn't, and the consequence was a great many people liked her version of the Lady of the Camelias better than they did that of the French woman. Bernhardt was in a terrible temper the night I saw her, and in the death scene died standing up, so thoroughly despising her audience that she didn't endeavor to go through the ordinary stage business, though they paid five dollars a seat to see her. It was on that occasion that the robustness of Davenport as compared with the willowy grace of the other suggested the joke that the difference in the version of the two was that Fanny Davenport's Camille died of dropsy and Bernhardt's of consumption.

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I see that King Milan has obtained his divorce, and poor Queen Natalie may now get herself to a nunnery. Divorces are a kingly luxury, but it is bringing the king business into disrepute, particularly as so many of these one-horse monarchs not only indulge in divorces but in conduct which in ordinary life would make divorce necessary. DON.

ROSE COGHLAN.

Rose Coghlan.

This charming actress and social favorite is an Englishwoman. Her father was a clergyman of liberal views, and when his eldest son Charles expressed a determination to adopt the stage, he offered no opposition. After Charles Coghlan had become a favorite London actor, his sister Rose, then about sixteen years of age, visited him frequently, attended the theater, became enamored of the stage, and determined to follow in the footsteps of her brother. Like all artists who in after life achieve pronounced success, her early career was full of hardships and disappointments. Obstacles to her advancement met her on every hand, but with determination she persevered, and at eighteen she was leading lady of one of the English provincial theaters, and supported a number of the prominent stars of the time. With Barry Sullivan she played all the trying leading female *roles* in his extensive repertoire, including Lady Macbeth, making a tour of the provinces as his leading support. It was during this tour that she attracted the attention of some of the prominent London managers; and the following season she was installed as leading lady in a metropolitan theater, where she became almost at once an accepted London favorite. She came to America with Sothern, and after playing one season with him was engaged by Lester Wallack as *prima* of his theater, and remaining for a number of years became a great favorite. Rose Coghlan has a wonderfully large repertoire, and in every role she has essayed her success has at once been recognized. As a woman she is loved and admired by all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance, and her social position is always recognized. Cultured and refined, a conversationalist of rare powers, a student and artist of refined instincts, and with a host of eminent friends, she is indeed a fortunate woman as well as a brilliant actress.

There is in some a dispassionate neutrality of mind which, though it generally passes for good temper, can neither gratify nor warm us; it must indeed be granted that these men can only negatively offend, but then it should also be remembered that they cannot positively please.—*Greville.*

Everyone, however humble, has a mission to do, or say or think something which has never been done or said or thought. Therefore let each one, while gratefully accepting the help and profiting by the wisdom of others, cultivate his own individuality, live his independent life and fulfil his own possibilities.

People in this world almost always have ideals, and they are generally strenuous about having other people live up to them.

At The Opera.

She sits at my side in the opera box,
With the light on her dark sweet face,
And her soft white neck, thro' a gauzy fan,
Gleaming out, amid creamy lace.

And close to her breast are the roses red
That I placed in her hands to-night;
A message sweet from my hoping heart
That her own may read aright.

Will I wh'sper now, while the music swells,
Of a love that will never tire,
That will bloom 'neath her eyes like the roses red,
With their leaves, like my heart, of fire?

Now the tenor sings and there falls a hush,
While the lights on the stage are dim;
'Til she leans far out, with her lips apart
And her thoughts and her eyes on him.

Then she tears from her breast the roses red—
My flowers, with their perfume sweet—
The flash of an arm, in its tawny glove,
And they lay at the tenor's feet.

And, safe in the sheath of her gauzy fan,
I glare with a maddened eye,
For they cost me three dollars apiece—they did—
And she needn't have been so fly.

KITTIE K. *in Judge.*

Society.

Hon. Mr. Kirkpatrick, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, have returned from British Columbia.

Inspector D. H. Macpherson of the North-West Mounted Police, a son of Sir David Macpherson, is in town to say good-bye to his parents, who leave shortly for Europe. His appointment is a recent one, and his headquarters will be at Calgary.

Mr. George Wood, a nephew of the Right Hon. Mr. Goschen, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and his sister, who have been the guests of Mrs. Cumberland, sr., left this week for New York, where they will be the guests of Mr. Pierrepont Morgan. Mr. Wood, who has just left Oxford, confesses himself as quite struck with our Toronto girls.

The family residence of Mr. Charles Brown, at 42 Isabella street, was all ablaze with light and gaiety on the occasion of the wedding of Miss Brown and Mr. George Cox, jr., the eldest son of Mr. George Cox of Sherbourne street, last Wednesday evening. It was a house marriage, but that which it lacked in the external pomp and incident of a church wedding was more than atoned for in the hearty enjoyment and good will of those who had met to witness the nuptials of one who is widely esteemed for her own as well as for her parents' sake. Rev. Dr. Dewart was the officiating clergyman—but pardon! *place aux dames!* The bride was attended by her maids, Miss Swan of Woodstock and Miss Eva Kennedy of Toronto, both of whom are old college chums of the bride. The latter was most charmingly gowned in white brocade and white faille, with remarkably handsome diamond ornaments, the gift of the groom. Miss Swan, in a rose pink China silk crepe dress, and Miss Kennedy in a dress of Nile green, were an ideal duet of all that is charming as bridesmaids. I suppose I should not forget to mention that the handsome ostrich feather fans they carried were the gift of the groom. The groom was supported by his brother Mr. Fred Cox, and Mr. Jack King. To Mr. G. B. Smith and Mr. Wm. Black fell the onerous duties of ushers on this interesting occasion, duties which it is almost unnecessary to add were admirably discharged.

Six o'clock was the hour fixed for the ceremony itself, and by that hour a large number of invited guests were gathered in the drawing-room to witness the event itself and offer their hearty congratulations to the bride and bridegroom. Shortly after the ceremony dinner was served, and a most enjoyable evening spent by all. Mr. and Mrs. Cox left by the 9.14 train for Montreal, Boston, and Washington, whence they will return in three or four weeks time to take up their residence at the Rossin House during the building of their new house on Isabella street.

Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. King, Mr. and Mrs. Mark Irish, Mr. and Mrs. Morrison, Dr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Beard, Mr. G. B. Smith and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Cosgrove, Mr. and Mrs. Priestman, Mr. and Mrs. Warwick, jr., Mr and Mrs. C. A. B. Browne, Mr. and Mrs. H. Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Christie, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Davies, Mr. and Mrs. T. McGaw, Mr. and Mrs. Keachie, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Moore, Mr. Mara, Mrs. Mara, Mr. and Mrs. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. Braide, the Misses Swan, Kennedy, Littlejohn, Jacobi, Louise Brown, Cox, Messrs. Black, Littlejohn, Ed. Smith, G. B. Smith, Matthews, F. Cox, King, Dixon, Charlie Brown, Bertie Cox, Elliott, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cox of Peterboro', Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly of Belleville, Mr. and Mrs. Jaffray, Mr. and Mrs. Jeffels of London, Mr. and Mrs. Davis of Peterboro' and Mr. Morrow of Peterboro'.

The departure of Mrs. Yarker and the Misses Yarker is definitely fixed for Monday next. These ladies sail from New York by the North German Lloyd boat Lahn direct to Bremen, whence they proceed to London, their headquarters for the winter.

Mrs. Sidney Ford-Jones of Gananoque is to occupy the well-known house on Beverley street during Mrs. Yarker's absence.

Mr. Henry Watson of Buffalo has been paying Toronto a short visit. Mr. Watson is said to be a great lawn-tennis player. I hope that some of the friends he has made this week will induce him to come here at the time of the tournament next summer.

I wonder how many of my readers remember Ballantyne—alias—a good many names, the clever and gentlemanly swindler whose doings and hurried departure caused such a sensation here nearly two years ago. A letter from a friend at Buenos Ayres tells me of the doings of one who, from the description of him and from his references to Toronto and Toronto people, must be the same man. For two months he swindled and hoodwinked the "first families" there much as he did here, and finally when he was about to fly was arrested and locked up on the charge of borrowing money under false pretences. He will now be able to compare the delights of a South American jail with the pleasures of Sing Sing, where I believe he languished for some months last year.

The recollection of Ballantyne reminds me that he was never to be seen without a flower in his coat, and this leads me to say a few words to a class of tradesmen to whom those for whom I specially write are always very much beholden or non-beholden—I mean the Toronto florists. Both as regards quantity and quality of stock these are at present below the mark. They grow good roses, but their ambition seems to stop at a good rose, while they are so little able to meet any unusual demand, that often by six o'clock on the day of an important ball or concert I have found those whose stands are conveniently situated stripped utterly bare; I have not even been able to buy a button-hole. I believe that if a man of enterprise were to take a stand, say on King street, were to make it only half as attractive to the eye as hundreds such in London and New York, and were to go in for such rarer flowers as orchids, gardenias and stephanotis, as well as roses and the more common kinds, he would succeed. At any rate, he could say:

"'Tis not in mortals to command success,
But we'll do more, Sempronius; we'll deserve it."

Mrs. Thomas Ferguson of Sherbourne street has sent out cards for a dance on November 10. This ball is to be held, I believe, to celebrate the *debut* of the hostess' eldest daughter. Justice and Mrs. Ferguson's house is large and in all respects excellent for the purpose to which it is to be put, and anticipations for November 10 are as bright as they have been for Tuesday and Friday of this week.

Sir Alexander Campbell went to Ottawa on Wednesday last for a week's stay only. The Lieutenant-Governor was accompanied by Miss Campbell.

Mr. Woodhouse of Norwich, England, and Miss Woodhouse are in town. Mr. and Miss Woodhouse are on the first stage of their journey round the world. If they are provided with so many and so well chosen letters of introduction as they brought here, their visit to very many places cannot fail to be pleasant.

Mr. and Mrs. Gourdeau of Quebec have been paying a long visit to Toronto. If the French Canadians can furnish many such charming representatives it is regretable that more do not come here.

Cards of invitation have been issued by Mrs. Cumberland for the marriage of her daughter, Miss Constance, to Mr. Augustus Foy of this city, to take place on Wednesday, November 8, at the family residence, Eastcote, Queen's Park.

Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley are staying in town for a short visit.

Mrs. Charles Riordon gives a large At Home on Saturday, November 3, from 4.30 till 7 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood, who have been visiting Mrs. Cumberland, Eastcote, for the last fortnight, have left for home.

Mrs. John Bain gives a large afternoon tea on Saturday, November 3.

Mrs. Chadwick's At Home on Monday, October 15, proved a fashionable gathering, and was enjoyed by everyone present.

Mrs. John Boulton and family of Grange road, after an absence of nearly four months spent at their summer residence, Glenlonely, Oak Ridges, returned to town last week.

The attendance at the Hunt Club races last Saturday afternoon was pretty well confined to the more robust sex. A cold, nipping wind, with strong probabilities for rain, are not the most likely things to tempt beauty into braving the discomforts of cold feet and pinched blue faces. A few, however, there were, whose genuine love of good, honest sport brought them down to the Woodbine on Saturday in dog-carts, Surreys, landaus, closed broughams, and last, though not least welcome, the comparatively humble buggy. The first race was over when I arrived just in time to offer my congratulations to Dr. Campbell, who rode Salisbury, the winner.

I cannot say I did any extreme betting, but am free to admit that my pocket money was, every copper of it, put up on Lochiel, and when the latter pulled off the Cox Worts cup, hands down, I don't know whether Frank Macdonald, the chestnut's owner, or myself was the happier man of the two.

Lochiel's second victory in the last race of the day was a very popular one, and deservedly so, and Mr. Wright, his rider, is entitled to all credit for the clever manner in which he handled his mount. Since writing the above, Lochiel has demonstrated his superiority to Driftwood by his Tuesday afternoon's performance.

I don't remember who were the judges last Saturday, because it seemed to me as if every member of the Hunt Club was in and out of the box on the south side of the track. Those genial patrons of the turf, Mr. Wm. Christie and Mr. Charles Brown, were on deck timing the various races from their coign of vantage opposite the judge's box. The sad accident which has brought to a premature close the career of Cook, the jockey, will, I trust, prove a warning to the lunatics who are never easy unless they are smuggling themselves into places where they shouldn't be. With the melancholy exception just alluded to, the Hunt Club races from the standpoint of sport were an undoubted success. Financially, I am afraid, things were not so satisfactory, but the weather only was to blame for that. Amongst the spectators were Mrs. J. Morison, Miss E. Morison, Mrs. Austin Smith, Miss Ryan of Brockville, Mrs. Gardner, Miss Gardner, Mrs. Campbell, Miss McFarlane, Mrs. Beatty, Mrs. F. A. Campbell, Mr. A. Allen, Mr. J. Allen, Mr. May of Montreal, Mr. R. R. Rutherford, Dr. J. M. McFarlane, Mr. W. S. Beardmore, Mr. F. G. Cox, Mr. E. Smith, Mr. Jack McDonald, Mr. A. Morphy, Mr. M. McConnell, Mr. J. Mead, Mr. Keith, Mr. Jos. Gunn, Mr. T. Morison, Mr. D. Cassels, Mr. W. E. Kiely, Mr. R. Pringle, Dr. Strange, Mr. H. Gamble, Mr. H. L. Mara, Mr. Bruce Macdonald, Mr. John Foy, Mr. T. C. Patteson, Mr. Hugh Ryan, Mr. A. E. Denison, Mr. E. W. Sandys, Mr. Richard Lee, Mr. Walter S. Lee, Mr. G. W. Beardmore, Mr. Alfred Beardmore, Major Harrison, Capt. Manley, Mr. W. S. Love, Mr. Auguste Bolte, Dr. Smith, Capt. Myles, Mr. Jas. Richmond, Hon. Frank Smith, Mr. Austin Smith, Mr. J. D. Hay, Mr. W. Bayley, Mr. L. Cosgrove, Mr. W. A. Murray, Mr. W. Murray, jr., Mr. Joe Meade, Mr. W. H. Moffatt, Mr. C. Knees, Hon. S. C. Wood, Mr. Chas. Henderson, Mr. Fraser Macdonald, Mr. W. A. Tilley, Mr. W. B. Wright, Mr. W. Montgomery, Dr. Baines, Mr. C. J. Smith, Mr. G. W. Kiely, Mr. H. Piper, Mr. A. G. Brown, Mr. A. W. Malloch, Mr. Stewart Heath, Mr. Dundas Mossom, Mr. Cecil Leigh, Mr. J. Holderness, Mr. W. Petley, Mr. C. Darling, Mr. H. D. Gamble, Mr. John K. Macdonald, Mr. Hector Cameron, Q. C., Mr. J. B. Morrison and many others.

The ball at Summerhill, Dr. and Mrs. Larratt W. Smith's residence, on Tuesday, was in every respect worthy of its position of honor in the van of this season's galeties. Summerhill is not exactly in town, and many people had to do a long drive, but very few were daunted either by the distance or by the torrents of rain which had fallen unceasingly all the afternoon, and still fell as the guests made their way home in the small hours. Certain qualifications are necessary for the full success of any ball. I will leave the most important—namely, the *personnel* of the guests—until last. As regards the other essentials for proper enjoyment, the floor was exceedingly good, perhaps even just a little too much so, for there was more than one fall. Mr. Corlett, I am glad to say, has opened the season with his band in very different shape to what it was at the beginning of last winter. It is sufficient to say that his music was as good as it was at the close of last season. I should perhaps have liked to hear a few more valses, but after all good time is the main thing, and Mr. Corlett's time was unexceptionable. Summerhill is a large house, but none too large to accommodate perhaps a hundred and fifty guests. Two rooms as well as the hall had been made ready for dancing, but as so often happens, people insisted on confining their gyrations to the single large room where the band was situated. The room was in consequence a little overcrowded at times, while in the hall took place that unavoidable congestion, which is common to all balls at private houses. As the music for each fresh dance begins there must be a general move, partners have to be returned to their places and new partners to be found. The hall is always the focus of this transfer and search. Only in a house of exceptional size is the congestion anything but painful, and the pain is always more or less severe according as the youthful element preponderates. It apparently takes some years of going out to learn the knack of making one's way through a crowd without a good deal of unnecessary elbowing and jostling, and some men there are unfortunately who never learn it. The ladies were far outnumbered by the men, and this was as it should be, even though some of the latter had to make up in vigor what they lacked in years. A few of those whom I noticed were Mrs. Cattenach, the Misses Ridley of Hamilton, the Misses Wragge, Mr. Wragge, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Archie Langmuir, Miss Gillespie, Mr. Gillespie, Miss Grant Macdonald, Miss Grace Boulton, Messrs. Christopher and Herman Boulton, the Misses Yarker, Miss Thorburn, Miss Dumoulin, the Misses Todd, Mr. Roberts, Miss Osler, Mr. Wood of London, England, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Bruce of Hamilton, Mr. Stinson, Miss Maclean, Mr. Maclean, Mr. and Mrs. Green, Mr. Walter Beardmore, Mr. Paine, Mr. Drake, Mr. Bowley Moffatt, Miss Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Miss Hobson of Hamilton, Miss Meredith, Mr. Meredith.

To judge from the above ball, and from what I know of people's doings, that which Irishmen call the "curse of absenteeism," and other causes, has left a good many gaps in society this winter. Many faces which graced Toronto ball-rooms last season are wanting now. It is generally true that there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it, but ball-room belles and ball-room beaux cannot be at once forgotten.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson gave a large dinner party on Wednesday. Amongst the guests were included the late Speaker of the House of Commons and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mr. D. Macpherson, Mr. and Mrs. Percival Ridout, Mr. Walter Long, M.P., of London, England, Mrs. Fitzgibbon, Miss McCarthy, Mrs. Gzowski, Miss Morris, Mr. Pipon, Mr. Harry Gamble, Miss Jones, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Miss Small, Mr. Jack Small, Mr. Eddy Jones, Miss Robinson, Mr. Cronyn.

Mr. Walter Long, M.P., of Wiltshire, England, a member of Lord Salisbury's government, was one of the party who accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick to the Pacific. Mr. Long has also been the guest of Sir David and Lady Macpherson this week but left yesterday to return via New York to England.

The Banff Hotel is certainly a strange place to choose for a wedding, but there is romance in the notion and the grand mountains which surround the hotel have seldom perhaps looked down on a happier scene than that of last week. Mr. Bewicke-Bewicke has many friends in Toronto, and Miss McEwan the bride, is not

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

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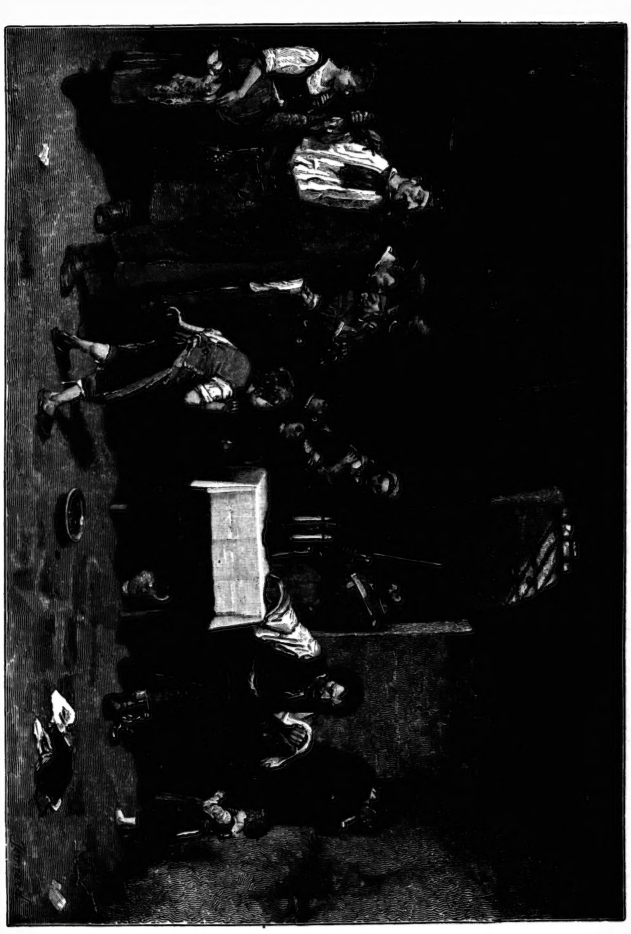

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Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER VII.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MRS. BURNHAM.

It was still early in the evening when Mr. Stryde, who had a church engagement, found it necessary to say good night to Mrs. King and Miss Browning, and Tully was quietly given to understand by the latter that nothing would be more appropriate than his departure at the same time. As they walked down the street together Mr. Tully remarked that Mrs. King's grief evidently did not affect her appetite. Mr. Stryde inquired what he meant.

"Oh, nothing particular, only I noticed that for a heart-broken woman she relished her dinner a little more than might have been expected."

"You are very observant," replied Mr. Stryde, coldly.

"Perhaps," assented Tully. "What do you think of Miss Browning?"

"Be kind enough not to make any remarks about her, Tully. She is my ideal of a good and beautiful woman."

"Why, you surprise me, Stryde. You betray more enthusiasm than I ever saw you display outside of a prayer meeting. Strange, isn't it, that men so different as you and I should realize our ideal in the same woman."

"There is nothing to wonder at. No man could know Miss Browning without sincerely admiring her."

"Why Stryde, old fellow, you have got it bad. as men always do when smitten yet it late in life. I hope the er—er—admiration is mutual."

"Really, Tully, I don't think I am under cross-examination," answered Stryde very pointedly as they stood on the corner where they were to separate, "but lest she might be misunderstood I will say that the admiration is all on my side."

"Same here," smiled Tully as he extended his hand with great cordiality. "We're both in the same boat again! I guess we'll have to look elsewhere for our ideal woman. Good night."

Though he never liked Cora Burnham less than when he had just left Miss Browning, Tully always felt as many better men have done, a strong desire after he had been repulsed by the woman he cared for, to seek consolation in the society of one who cared for him. When the cold Miss Browning wounded his vanity the warm Miss Burnham healed it by her flattering devotion, even though the comparison between the hauteur of the one and the subserviency of the other further excited his preference for the former and a greater distaste for the latter.

After glancing up the street to see that he was unobserved he tried Mrs. Burnham's shop door, found it unlocked, and guided by the light which shone through the entrance to the rear apartment, he made his way into the presence of the dressmaker and her daughter. Aroused by his footsteps, Cora who had been lying on a sofa with a shawl around her shoulders, sat up and began hastily to smooth her hair.

"Bless me, was that store door unlocked?" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham who was a thin and very bilious looking woman.

"It was indeed, my dear madam. You have never furnished me with a key, and I assure you I didn't come in without knocking," answered Tully in a tone which was not intended to be conciliatory. "You had better go and put up the bars or someone will get in and steal you, first thing you know."

"That wouldn't be so serious, Mr. Tully, as to have someone come in and steal my daughter's happiness," she retorted, with an effort to be overpoweringly stern.

"It wouldn't, for a fact, my dear madam, though I would miss you awfully."

Mrs. Burnham invariably accused the most disagreeable part of Tully's nature, and he found it almost impossible to treat her even with a pretence of politeness. But to guard against both it would be prudent to lock the door, and if you would be kind enough to take about fifteen or twenty minutes to do it I would be delighted to have a little chat with Cora.

Mrs. Burnham marched out of the room with the light of a stern resolve in her faded eyes, and no sooner had the bolts been pushed into their places than she marched back again and "planted" herself in the rocking-chair, bolt upright.

"Now, my dear madam," began Tully, bantteringly, "don't begin one of your lectures. Wait till I have half a day to spare and I will come around, consult with you as to my frailties and obtain your opinion all at once. It is very unsatisfactory to hear it in such a fragmentary manner, and with due respect to your exalted virtues I confess to having become slightly weary of hearing you dilate on the absence of the same beautiful attributes in myself."

"It is a long while since I have had a chance to say anything to you, Mr. Tully," began Mrs. Burnham, with unabated vigor.

"Yes, my dear madam, and it will be longer still before you have the same chance if I see you first. One doesn't need to go about hunting for trouble nowadays. It is less formal than society, and will make its calls regardless of introduction or merit. I have enough of it without coming to hear one of your orations, and if you will be kind enough to let your sense take the chair I will really feel everlastingly grateful."

"You think of no one but yourself, Stephen Tully," snapped Mrs. Burnham, hotly. "You are utterly selfish——"

"With the accent on the 'utterly,' my dear," interpolated Mr. Tully, with sarcastic truthfulness.

"Yes, with the accent on everything bad. The way you have used Cora is simply shameful—outrageous. What you said to her the night before last in the park fairly made my blood boil."

"Now really, Mrs. Burnham, do you intend to convey the idea that you have blood, and that it actually boils? Your brunette appearance indicates that your veins are filled with molasses or unfiltered fluid from the storm-tossed bay."

With a gesture of despairing heart-break Mrs. Burnham fell back in her chair, her hands uplifted and fingers outspread, as if to conceal from her gaze the sneering face of the young lawyer.

"O, Steve, how could you say such a thing to mother!" ejaculated Cora.

"I do not know anything I couldn't say to her; she aggravates me beyond endurance. I came here night to have a pleasant chat with you—one of our good old times, such as we had before your mother began insisting on buying the marriage license and having the wedding come off before I leave—but instead of giving me a chance to act in the way that I always endeavor to conduct myself with other people, she begins her nagging and continues it on for almost anything, not excepting manslaughter."

Tully knew how to influence Cora, and could always detach her support from her mother by intimating that the old lady was the only bar which separated them. Cora looked reproachfully at the angry woman who, in great agitation, was swaying to and fro in the rocking-chair, and Mrs. Burnham detected the untiful glance. She stopped rocking, and grasping an arm of the chair with each hand, she leaned forward and hissed in Tully's face:

"I understand your tricks, Steve Tully. You are trying to get Cora to turn against me, even after you treating her like a dog. Now you want to discard her and make her hate her mother as the cause of your desertion. I know you, you embezzler, you thieving——" Cora sprang forward and covered her mother's thin and trembling lips with her hand, and as she pushed the enraged woman back into the chair she exclaimed hoarsely:

"Mother, you promised never to say that again. It is enough without anything else to drive Steve away forever."

"I don't care if it is," cried Mrs. Burnham, who, grasping her daughter's wrists had released herself from restraint. "When he was on the verge of ruin we saved him, and if that you have done for him won't keep him to his promise, nothing will. If I thought I was in the road," and as she spoke Mrs. Burnham buried her face in her daughter's arms while she still clung and sobbed, "I would go away and never see either of you again."

Cora was really an affectionate daughter, and in endeavoring to console her mother she softly stroked the tightly plaited hair which was so rapidly turning gray.

"Do not speak of that, mamma, only please don't quarrel with Steve."

"Quarrel with him, Cora! I didn't quarrel with him until I could see that I was the stumbling block. He doesn't love you, child, and never did. His selfishness and nasty pride are more to him than gratitude or honor or the love of a thousand girls as good as you."

As the mother spoke, her uplifted face, sallow and unhandsome though it was, shone with the glorious light of maternal love, and the tears on her cheeks softened the hard face so that Stephen Tully, callous as he was, could not resist the appeal.

"You are wrong, Mrs. Burnham. I do love Cora, and when you act like an affectionate mother as you are doing now, and not as the designing old matchmaker as you generally do, I can even endure *you*."

Cora saw her advantage, and, sitting on the broad arm of the rocker, she put her arm thrown tenderly around her mother's shoulders, she asked:

"What do you really mean to do, Steve? Be honest for once, that we may know what to expect. I say *we*, because for twenty years mother has had no one but me to love and think about, and her very life is bound up in my happiness. If you are determined to break our engagement, do it now—I guess I could survive it," and her trembling voice, but the very thought of losing him upset her self-possession, and springing from the arm of the chair she threw herself on her knees at Tully's feet crying, "O Steve, Steve, remember how I love you."

He bent down and lifted her up, and though he had been through many scenes similar to this he could not resist the flood of pity which carried away with it the resolution with which he had armed himself when he entered.

"Come now, Cora, don't be silly," he whispered kindly as he placed her in the chair in which he had been sitting. "Don't be frightened at your mother's ghost stories. You two sit in this back room talking things over until you work yourselves into a regular panic. I told you the other night the reasons why our marriage is undesirable at present and if, Cora," he continued giving her an affectionate caress for which she raised her face in affectionate thankfulness, "you think me half as much as you do your mother you wouldn't lie awake nights imagining all sorts of direful possibilities."

"I do trust you, Steve," whispered Cora, seizing his hand and pressing it against her face, "but it has been so long, with always something in the road and now it seems further away than ever."

"I don't know about that, little one. It may be nearer than you think. By the way I went into partnership with Killick to-day."

"What," cried Cora in a voice of genuine horror.

Mrs. Burnham simply sat upright and, as was her habit, uplifted her hands in astonishment.

"Why, what is the matter? You seem as startled as if I had told you I had gone into partnership with the devil himself."

"You might almost as well," gasped Mrs. Burnham, folding her hands and continuing to stare blankly at her daughter.

"You don't mean to say Steve that the papers are signed," inquired Cora faintly.

"Yes, I do," snapped Tully. "Now be kind enough to tell me why you look upon it in the light of such a terrible catastrophe."

"The old villain," gasped Mrs. Burnham.

"Do you refer to me," demanded Tully.

"You know she means Killick. I told you why I dislike him, Steve, and can you stand how you endure him for a minute after the way he treated you."

"Well, it is all over now. I will have to make the best of it, and you must do the same. He has the pull on me again, and you will have to watch the books pretty sharply, Cora, to see that he doesn't get away with what little I have left."

"Is he coming into your office or are you going into his," inquired Cora who was clever enough to understand that no good would result from a further discussion of the inevitable.

"Neither. We are going to cut a hole in the wall and unite the two flats."

"Unite the flat and the sharp," snorted Mrs. Burnham where she had been silent lest Tully was getting into trouble was inclined to assume a more dictatorial air.

Tully was insulted, and he retorted angrily, "Don't imagine, Mrs. Burnham, that because you have worked me for a flat everyone can."

"Mother!" cried Cora warningly, and Mrs. Burnham taking the hint fell back in her chair and began rocking with most tantalizing vehemence.

"I see the storm gathering again," said Tully, as he arose and fixed his hat jauntily on his head, "and I had better leave before it breaks. Send me word, Cora, when your mother gets over her bilious attacks, and I will drop in again and give you some points on watching James Judas Killick, but remember one thing, you can be of no use to me in the office if you appear devoted to my interests. Get solid with old Killick and report progress whenever you feel anything out."

"But Steve, I can't bear him. He gives me the creeps every time he comes near."

"Well, you will just have to get over the creeps. I couldn't bear him at first, except I knew I could work him through you. Now be kind enough to keep your sear, Mrs. Burnham. Don't rise and let your indignation get the better of you. I know exactly what you are about to say. I know you object to your daughter being made the object of Mr. Killick's very marked attentions, but be kind enough to remember that I will be there to keep him within bounds. Good night, Cora," whispered the gallant Tully, as in his most devoted tone, and with all the charm of his most fascinating manner he kissed her good-night. "Don't let it fret you if I treat you as a stranger. I will come and see you oftener and make amends when my esteemed partner and the man in the moon are not looking."

As the clever Tully hurried up street he felt he had done a very smart piece of work and would now be able to inaugurate the period of his frigidity so that he would at last relieve him of the too devoted Cora. As a matter of fact he had indeed set a timely watch, though he did not know that the loyalty which he despised would yet have another opportunity to save him from disgrace.

CHAPTER VIII.

"Love, truly loved thou me best?" sak'd he.
"I love him best who best loves me," said she.

"Mamma, do you like Mr. Tully?" inquired little Jack as they sat at dinner.

The question was unexpected and very pointed. Jack had laid down his knife and fork, and with his elbow on the table and his chin in his hand he gazed steadfastly at his mother, waiting for an answer. There had been some discussion regarding Mr. Stryde and Mr. Tully during the afternoon, and the subject had cropped up again at dinner. Master King had the probably largest ears of a small boy, and his retentive memory and seriousness of manner combined to make him a very disagreeable inquisitor.

"Why, of course I respect Mr. Tully. Why shouldn't I?" replied Mrs. King, busying herself with a piece of chicken and, as Jack thought, rather avoiding his gaze.

"Why should you like him, mamma? I don't. He is always making fun of people. I would like to kick him."

"Jack!" cried his mother, sternly, "you should be whipped for saying such naughty things—and about your poor dead papa's partner, too!"

Jack's eyes filled, his food seemed to choke him for a moment, but after a struggle he recovered his composure. "I didn't like him when papa was alive, and I don't believe papa did."

"You are mistaken, Jack. Your papa placed great confidence in Mr. Tully. Even if he didn't you should speak well of him for Aunty Dell's sake; he is her friend."

Jack's quick eye sought Miss Browning's face and detected the angry glance which was her only reply to Mrs. King's frivolous evasion of the facts.

"That is not so, is it Aunty Dell?" demanded Jack. "You hats that fellow Tully, don't you?"

"Jack, dear, you surprise me. Where did you learn to speak of a gentleman who comes to your mother's house as 'that fellow'?" asked Miss Browning severely, half-conscious of an effort to turn the subject.

"But you don't like him, do you?" persisted the boy.

"It isn't pretty for you to ask so many questions, Jack. Hasn't your tutor told you never to question people into your confidence, my friends? It is not nice, and some day if you persist in it you will get some very unpleasant answers."

"But say, Aunty Dell, you don't like him, do you?" continued Jack, determined to have his answer before he left his question.

"I like a very indefinite word——"

"I mean do you like him like you do me?" explained Jack, his chin still supported by his hand.

"Of course not, Jack. I like you very much; I love you, Jack, dear."

"But you don't love him, do you?"

"Certainly not," retorted Miss Browning somewhat sharply, for the questioning had grown a little wearisome, nor had it been made more pleasant by her discovery that Mr. King was watching her sharply and betraying as much, if not more, interest than her son in her replies.

"Then, you like me better than anybody?" again demanded Jack, who seemed determined to have a complete and unequivocal utterance before he would be satisfied.

"Certainly, Jack, except your——"

"O, don't except me, Dell," began Mrs. King, pecking pushing her chair from the table. "I thoroughly understand that you have supplanted me in Jack's affections, and I sha'n't quarrel with you."

"While Jack was taking a little after-dinner stroll in the garden with Miss Browning, he stopped her to inquire still again, "Do you think mamma likes Mr. Tully better than she does me, Aunty Dell?"

"Why, certainly not, Jack. It is very rude and wicked of you to ask such a question. Your mamma likes you better than anyone else in the world."

"Say, Aunty Dell, I like you better than anybody in the world."

The tone, more than the words of Jack's protest of love, seemed to indicate his doubt of his mother's preference for him. She had always let him take care of himself, although she had provided a nurse and then a governess to look after him. He had reason for suspecting that he absorbed but little of her thought, as he knew he had a very small share of her attention.

The evening was warm, and before they left the piazza Mrs. Flambert drop'd in to see Mrs. King up a bit. As she extended herself in a big red rocking-chair and prepared to impart and receive news on the shortest notice, she exclaimed:

"Why, do you know, I never heard such a thing in my life as this very idea! I think that Stephen Tully would go into partnership with old Killick. Everybody is talking about it, and I don't wonder either."

"Why, he is your husband's lawyer, isn't he?" inquired Miss Browning, who had frequently heard legal affairs discussed in the household.

"Yes, I know, of course, one can do business with people one wouldn't want to be in partnership with, but I have always opposed Flam. having much to do with old Killick."

Mrs. Flambert in her confidential and playful moods frequently referred to her better half as "Flam." and he was quite aware that in a fine sense of humor completed the word by calling her "Bert."

"Why, what do you see so disagreeable in Killick?" inquired Mrs. King. "He is said to be one of the cleverest lawyers in the city."

"He looks like a warty old toad and I always want to wash my fingers with my handkerchief after I shake hands with him. I really think he is the nastiest man I ever saw, I feel crawly all over whenever he comes near. Did you ever shake hands with him, Dell?"

"No, replied Miss Browning coldly, "and I never want to."

"Did you ever get your hand imprisoned in that claw of his, Madge?" cont nued Mrs. Flambert vivaciously, mimicking the performance she was describing.

"No, or at least I can't remember anything particular about it if I did."

"O, it's lovely! He begins to squeeze so gradually, he pushes your hand down as if he were trying to hold it under water, clutching more convulsively every second until it is enough to burst the fingers out of one's gloves, and while he presses and clings he gazes at you out of those bulging, meaty eyes till I want some lonesome place to be sick in. Then he turns all one side of me into goose-flesh to think of it."

"Why, he must have been making love to you, Mrs. Flambert," observed Miss Browning, with a look of disgust.

"Making love to me," cried Mrs. Flambert, clasping her hands. "Why the old sinner was never left alone with a woman a minute without making love to her, and the worst of the way it represents to me he won't even wait until there are no eye-witnesses. A couple of times I have met him out and he has followed me around the room with those big flabby oyster eyes of his I felt he either had to take them on me or I would scream. I told Flam. about it too! He said I flattered myself; Killick wouldn't look at a woman twice unless she had the color of her hair unless he got paid for it, but I know better."

Mrs. Flambert was an exceedingly good story-teller and though her recitals were not always delicate or timely they were invariably amusing, for as she spoke her face a d her feet and every part of her seemed to lend sympathy with the narrative and were all used to impart full dramatic effect. Mrs. King could not refrain from joining in the little ripple of merriment though she suppressed her laughter immediately.

"And has Mr. Tully gone into partnership with such a man as you describe?" inquired Miss Browning.

"He certainly has. Killick told Flam. this very afternoon and the old silly seemed to think it was a good thing for Tully too, but I don't. Flam, you know, thinks a man is in luck if he is in the way of making a dollar, no matter what sort of people he has to live with."

"I think you must be painting Mr. Killick blacker than he is," interposed Dell. "He is a religious man and is quite prominent in a number of societies."

"Prominent! Yes, Killick will be prominent anywhere he is. Nothing but assassination would keep him out of prominent places. But you will know him better now he is associated with Mr. Tully. He will find an opportunity to get better acquainted with you both; as Mrs. Killick number two is in poor health, it is highly probable that he is already looking about for her successor. But to think of Tully, a smart, good-looking fellow like he is, being harnessed up to an old gorilla like that, it makes me shiver."

"I am obliged to you for the compliment, Mrs. Flambert," laughed Tully, at her elbow, as he bent over the back of the chair and gallantly raised her hand to his lips. "I am really inexpressibly delighted to know that you think I am 'a smart good looking fellow.' Do have you think so and say so is really to have one's fortune made, but I am perishing of curiosity to know the identity of the 'old gorilla.' Do I am begged. Surely you haven't heard that I was married to your friend Miss Beecher?"

"Poor old Miss Beecher," exclaimed Mrs. Flambert laughing immoderately. "You never forget anything. If I had known you were so near I wouldn't have said pretty things about you. I am glad you came just when you did or maybe I might have passed on to things not quite so pretty."

"But who is the 'gorilla,'" Mrs. Flambert?"

"Old Killick to be sure. How on earth could you do such a thing, and poor King scarcely buried. It is as great a scandal as if Madge had married him. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"You forget this is purely a business matter, Mrs. Flambert, and I know nothing sentimental about law," replied Tully gravely. "Business has been collecting on our hands and it is impossible to get through with the present staff, and as there is a limit even to law's delays, something had to be done. I do not think it is a matter for surprise or complaint that I should be introduced into partnership with one of the cleverest men in our profession."

"O, but the looks of the creature are enough to drive business away from a boneyard."

"Everyone had not the good fortune to be born beautiful as you all are," answered Mr. Tully, with a sweep of his hat to the three ladies. "His recommendation is utility rather than beauty."

"I suppose you will take him out calling with you, won't you, Tully. Your friends will be so delighted to see him, and he is a most charming conversationalist."

"You are too hard on him, Mrs. Flambert," laughed Tully. "Have you met him, Miss Browning?"

"Yes, a few times; and I can't say that I was favorably impressed, but then many homely people are much nicer than handsome ones when you get to know them."

"Then I'm a drive at you, Mr. Tully," remarked Mrs. Flambert.

"O, is it?" he answered. "Compliments seem all to be coming my way to-night, though that one seems to be in the direction of exalting my good looks at the expense of those charms which are only developed by intimate acquaintance. You know, Mrs. Flambert, Miss Browning is always taking pains to bring so my attention certain shortcomings of which she imagines I am guilty. I think it is really cruel of her, and a very poor return for the homage I pay her when she is near, as I the pleasure of now, and singing when I am absent from her charming presence."

"You ought to feel flattered, Mr. Tully, if Lady Goldfinch takes enough interest in you even to point out your faults. It is a most encouraging sign," replied Mrs. Flambert puckering her mouth and looking knowingly at Miss Browning.

Little Jack was leaning over Miss Browning's chair, and when he heard these bantering remarks he dropped his hands from the shoulder of his goddess and turned angrily to re-enter the door. Dell caught his arm as he passed, but he jerked it petulently from her and would not be detained. Mrs. Flambert noticed the boy's clouded face and angry movements.

"Why, Jack, I believe you are jealous of you," she cried. "Things are getting serious."

Remembering Jack's persistent inquiries at the dinner-table, Dell's face flushed and annoyance was distinctly perceptible in her tone as she retorted, "I should think, Mrs. Flambert, you would be more judicious than to make such remarks before children."

Tully smiled. "I am glad," said he, "there is some one besides myself lacking in a fine sense of propriety. I was beginning to think I was the only one who violated Miss Browning's rules of decorum."

Mrs. Flambert only laughed the louder. "I can see that my guess is not far astray or you wouldn't get angry about it, Dell. Do you know Mr. Tully, Dell is not like other women. She thinks she is too good for anything."

"Mrs. Flambert, be kind enough to drop the subject," said Dell, with quiet voice but flashing eyes, and a tone which was quite wanting in a sense of propriety as Mr. Tully himself. I am not fond of being the subject of discussion, particularly when the topic is ill-timed and in bad taste."

Mrs. Flambert's merriment did not abate. "Dell, you are really betraying yourself. I actually didn't think you took any interest in Mr. Tully until now—and a very handsome couple you would make, too. Tully here, tall, and dark, with a commanding air of dignity and a rising man in his profession, and you," continued Mrs. Flambert, motioning gracefully in the direction of the angry girl, "beautiful, intellectual and wealthy. Don't forget the latter, Tully. A dowry is a splendid thing to get with a bride."

"Yes, and a splendid thing to get with a husband," added Tully, who no doubt thought was endeavoring to put a stop to Mrs. Flambert's jesting, and yet pretending to enjoy the whole thing as an excellent joke.

"Good night, Mrs. Flambert. Good evening, Mr. Tully. I think I will leave you to finish the discussion."

"Why, Dell!" cried Mrs. King, apologetically.

"Hadn't you better come in, too, Madge? It is quite chilly out here." But without waiting for a reply Dell Browning stepped through the French window and disappeared.

Mrs. King who could no longer pursue her policy of saying nothing and looking sad, as she felt the recently bereaved widow should, was forced to enter into conversation.

"Dell never likes to be joked," she explained, "and yet when she gets going she is the greatest tease one could imagine.

"O, well, that is all the way. Jokers never like to be jcked," smiled Tully, who was still entirely at his ease.

"So you have not taken Mr. Killick into the firm?" Mrs. King inquired.

"Yes, the arrangement was concluded to-day," replied Tully, briefly.

"I might as well mention it now," said Mrs. King, "Mr. Killick and Dell's father once had some business dealings or something which resulted in a very bitter quarrel between them. Poor John mentioned the matter to me with the warning, no matter what I heard about it, never to speak of the matter to Dell. It was years ago, and I never really understood what it was all about. All I know is that Dell knows nothing of it, and I speak of it now because I thought you might continue to conceal it from her. Poor John hated concealment of any kind, and he wouldn't have spoken unless it was of the utmost importance."

Tully sat on the railing of the verandah, his eyes half closed as if he were seeking to discover the meaning of Mrs. King's words. He remembered Killick's explanation of his desire to obtain the management of some estates which had been entrusted to the firm of King & Tully, and wondered if the old quarrel had any bearing on Killick's consuming desire to force him into a partnership.

"Had you heard anything about, it Mr. Tully, inquired Mrs. King.

"Not a word," he replied. "If I had known of any such disagreement I would have hesitated before taking Mr. Killick as a partner. However, Miss Browning need never know of the old trouble, whatever it was. Mrs. Flambert, we can rely on your discretion?"

Mrs. Flambert had fine eyes, and this implied doubt of her ability to keep a secret made them flash as she looked up at Mr. Tully. "I have long known more about the matter," said she sharply, "than either of you and I can give you a word of warning my smart and good-looking Mr. Tully, that Mr. Killick not only remembers the grudge, but imagines that Dell knows all about it the feud between him and her father was the cause of her icy and disdainful reception when he was introduced to her last evening. I can tell you that, I would advise you to personally manage her business, for Killick is as slimy as a snake and revengeful as an Indian, and I would be sorry for anyone he dislikes if he or she were at his mercy."

"Oh, my dear Mrs. Flambert, you do Killick an injustice. There is no beauty in him that anyone should desire him, but that is his misfortune. He is a much better man than he looks."

"I don't believe it, Tully. I believe he is a worse man than anybody imagines, and I have told Flam. a dozen times he will be a poor man yet if he lets Killick manage his business."

Tully began to be alarmed though he succeeded in concealing his disquiet. "You can both be sure," said he, "even if the worst be true of him, that none of our old clients will be injured; I shall personally supervise all the cases we have had in charge. I hope, Mrs. King, you do not feel as suspicious of poor Killick as Mrs. Flambert does. Your business associate, Miss Browning's, you may be sure, will receive my most careful attention."

Even Mrs. Flambert's presence did not prevent Mrs. King from being a trifle gushing as she replied, "I am sure mention such a thing, Mr. Tully. You know I have entire confidence in you."

"Well, that is more than I would say about any man," remarked Mrs. Flambert, with a sagacious shake of her head in the direction of Mr. Tully.

"Come now, Mrs. Flambert, don't take up Miss Browning's role of the cynic. If you are going home I will go with you and see that the spooks don't get you."

"Come along," she laughed. "I am much safer under your escort than if I were younger and prettier."

As they walked slowly down the street, Mrs. Flambert stopped in her chatter with the exclamation, "What is this I hear about you, Tully, and that type-writer girl in your office?"

"Well, I am sure I can't say until you tell me what you heard."

"O, you naughty man, you must be more discreet than this or you will never win Dell Browning."

"I am aware that the air of injured innocence never sits well on me," answered Tully with a somewhat uneasy laugh, "but I would quite like to know what you mean."

"Why, you met her the other night in the park, and that doesn't look very well, Mr. Tully."

"Now, Mrs. Flambert, I know who told you that. It was that female nuisance, Mrs. Chandler. Wasn't it now?"

"Yes, it was," she admitted.

"Yesterday happened to meet me as I was going towards the park, and he had seen the young lady in question waiting for some one, and at once guessed it was for me. It didn't happen to be the fact, but I knew the story would be all over town inside of forty-eight hours, and I find my conjecture was correct.

"O, of course I accept your apology, but let me advise you, young man, never to do it again."

(To be Continued.)

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G. P. SHARPE.

As a Gem in the Sea.

Written for Saturday Night.

Back in Northern Ontario, on the shores of a quiet little lake, stands a roughly built house, or perhaps better described as a cabin. Surrounded as it is by a labyrinth of trees a stranger would in all likelihood pass it by unseen, or if he did by chance espy the place would think it an abandoned shed, so desolate does it appear.

Spending a few weeks partridge shooting in this lake, I was one morning caught in a heavy rain storm. Luckily seeing the cabin and thinking it uninhabited I deemed it wise to seek shelter from the passing storm beneath its roof, but was somewhat surprised when approaching to find it tenanted by an old man, evidently about sixty years of age. Begging him to pardon my intrusion, and explaining to him the cause of my so abruptly entering, I asked him to permit me to remain until the storm ceased. With a good-natured smile, which I shall never forget, he bade me offer no apology, and told me I was welcome to the shelter his cabin afforded.

I could not but notice that the exterior of the place far from bespoke the comfort and cleanliness that reigned within. The weather being cold—it was in the middle of October—a huge log brightly burned upon the uncouth hearth, giving the room a look and feeling anything but disagreeable. Everything around was conspicuously neat and clean. The cabin consisted of three rooms. From the utensils hanging on the walls I concluded that the one I sat in was the kitchen. Opening off it I could see were two smaller ones, evidently bed-rooms. Upon further acquaintance with the place and its owner—for he and I became fast friends—I learned that one only was a bed-room, the other the old man proudly calling his library. And well he might be proud of it, for I found among his books many valuable ones, in fact the whole collection spoke of an owner highly educated and refined. After half an hour's interesting conversation with him, the rain having ceased, and after thanking him for his kindness, I proceeded on my way, fully determined, however to come again and further cultivate the acquaintance of one who, I was convinced, had known a life far different from that which he was leading. It was not out of mere idle curiosity that I resolved to return, for I felt a genuine interest in the old man, and as he evinced no displeasure at my first visit, I thought he would not do so at a future one.

The next day I returned. The old gentleman welcomed me in a manner undoubtedly sincere, and I felt sure I annoyed him not by making a second visit. He not only expressed pleasure at seeing me, but declared that had he known I cared to again visit him in his humble abode he would have cordially invited me. We sat together in the little room among his books, and I spent two hours with him, the most pleasant I have ever known. He spoke in a manner which told of the educated gentleman, of a man who had traveled much, but of one who lived thirty years ago, so little did he know of this present-day world. And such was the truth. For thirty years, he told me, had he lived in that cabin. For thirty years the outside world had been unknown to him. He came there a man in the prime of life, and he would, he said, there remain until he died. What he further told me let me endeavor to narrate in his own words, which were somewhat after the following:—

"Of course," he said, as a tear, which he had struggled to keep back, slowly trickled down his cheek, "you will wonder why I buried myself here in this lonely place. When I first saw you yesterday your face—but particularly the expression of your eyes—recalled to my mind one I knew long ago, one who was very dear to me, and for that I like you, and if you care to hear the story of an old man's life I will tell it to you." I expressed willingness to hear, and after replacing his spectacles, which he had removed to dry his moistened eyes, he continued: "When you have heard me through you will perhaps be surprised at the course I have taken, perhaps think me foolish. I know that thousands of men and women have suffered from different causes as much, and often more, than I have. Each one strives in his own way to forget his sorrows. Some mix with the world and lead gay lives, while others steal away by themselves to be alone. I suffered and longed to be away fro n the scene of my sorrow. At last I broke away and after five years' travel settled here, thousands of miles from my dear old home.

"On September 26, in the year 1828, I was born, in the village of ——, in Kent, England. You will see I attained my sixtieth birthday last month. I am an old man but feel young, and vividly recollect my youthful days. You see, my boy, the last thirty years of my life having been spent here in this solitary place, with every day alike, I have little to think of excepting my books, and consequently I remember well when I was a young man of twenty-five. Sometimes I cannot realize I am so old. My father was the Bishop of ——, I was his only son, in fact his only child, and it was intended that I should follow his calling. Educated at Eton and Oxford I took holy orders. I procured a curacy and entered into my work with the energy of youth.

"Among my parishioners was a family to whom I was greatly attached, and, I believe, the attachment was mutual. They had one daughter whose eyes I see again when I look at you. If ever there was a true, kind-hearted and noble girl she was one. In fine I learned to love her with a love as deep and strong as man could give to woman. Who would not love her, gentle and beautiful as she was? When I spoke to her it was but to hear that she loved me not as she should love her husband, and that she could never be mine. It was a hard blow, which she, heaven bless her for it, tried to soften, but which alas, stunned me and cast a shadow on my life which has never left it." Here the old man paused, and silence reigned for a few moments. Shortly he continued: "I felt that I could not remain in that village, once so pleasant to me, but to drag myself away was a great effort. I resigned my position, and, with money left by my father, who had lately died, I went forth a wanderer. My mother I neglected to say had died when I was but a child, so you see I was utterly alone. I could not remain in England, knowing that she whom I hopelessly loved was near. I possessed a comfortable income, and for five years traveled through Europe and America, at last settling down in this quiet, out-of-the-way place, where, as I have said, I have been for thirty years. Often does my mind revert to England and the scenes of my younger days; yet I would not return, as I could if I wished. Often do I see her as she used to be, and by her side I see a youth—myself. Sometimes I think it must all be a dream, and expect to waken and find myself the country curate and see her once again. Then I often wonder if she is perfectly happy, and to doubt it gives me pain. Yet I do not wish to see her, for I am an old man now and she is an old woman, and I could not love her as I did long, long ago—nay, I might not even know her did I see her. I loved her as a girl, and when I think of her it is as such. I loved her when a youth, and imagine myself such when she occupies my mind.

"As I said, you will, perhaps, be surprised at my action in shutting myself out from the world as I have. When I came here it was not with the intention of remaining; but I became attached to the place, and the solitude seemed to charm me. I have gathered around me many books, in which I live. Some day I shall die here, regretting only that I have not been of more value to the world and my fellow men. When you return to your home and the city in which you live I would ask you to keep a kind recollection of the old man who saw in you the semblance of one he loved, and who told you the story of his barren life on that account."

Here the old man stopped, and again removing his spectacles, wiped his eyes. Arising from his chair he went to the end of the room, returning with a small photograph, which he handed to me, simply saying, with a tremor in his voice, "Her picture." Silently I looked at it—the picture of a lovely girl, of perhaps twenty years of age, and wondered not that he had loved her well. I returned it to him, and he safely placed it back whence it came.

I was greatly affected by the old man's tale, and told him that I would always remember him. When I grasped him by the hand to say farewell he made me promise to come again, which I willingly did.

For a coupe of weeks I remained in his neighborhood, and saw him every day, but at last the time came when I had to leave for home. I took with me a tender recollection of him, and I only hope my friendship caused him even passing pleasure. For my part I shall always remember the noble old gentleman, whose tender heart had been touched in youth, and who, rather than mix with the world in an endeavor to forget his love, chose to live alone among strangers in a strange land.

Truly in the midst of the hurry and worry of this prosaic world we sometimes catch a glimpse of the old time days of romance.

CITADEL.

Buying a Bonnet.

She had mildly hinted that she didn't care to go to church again until she had her new bonnet, but at the mention of bonnet he turned around and roared out, "Bonnet! 'Nother new bonnet! Why don't you go down and buy every bonnet shop in Regent street, and have done with it?"

"I haven't had but one this year," she meekly protested.

"One! Why you've had forty!"

"Only one, my dear, and I can show you the bill."

"Well that cost four or five guineas."

"Oh, no! The bill was only forty shillings."

"Forty shillings! Well, that's an outrageous swindle!"

"It is a very plain bonnet," she remarked, "and is only for spring."

"How much will a new one cost?" he asked, after reading down to the end of a column.

"Well, I'll try to get one for thirty or forty shillings, but you—"

"Thirty or forty shillings!" he said, as he half rose up. "I tell you it's an outrageous swindle, and no one but an idiot would submit! They tack the price on because they think you don't know brain from broom-sticks!"

"Then you go down with me and make the purchase."

"By George! I will! I'll go this very day, and if I don't buy a better bonnet for twenty shillings than you have ever had for forty I'll eat shingle!"

That afternoon they entered a millinery establishment in company, and the husband had the look of a man who was bound to win if it broke a leg.

"My wife wants a bonnet," he began, as he got settled down on a stool.

"Very well, sir. About what price?"

"Say from ten to fifteen shillings."

"Yes, sir. Here is one for ten shillings. It is for a kitchen girl, and I call it an elegant thing for the money."

"I—I think we don't want one for ten shillings," he muttered, as a chill flew up his spine.

"It's very cheap, I assure you, and the colors are popular with kitchen girls; but here is one for fifteen shillings."

"Ah! that is more like it! Now, I call that handsome."

"So it is, sir. That is for a housemaid, and she certainly has good taste. It is the cheapest bonnet I have made for a year."

"Yes—ahem—no doubt!" gasped the poor man, as red streaks began to color his ears and chin. "And what's the price of this one?"

"That? That is sold to a barber's wife for twenty shillings, but I could get you up one like it if you wish."

"Barber's wife—ahem—twenty shillings—and this one?"

"Well, I made the price very low on that one, as it is for a seamstress who always buys of me. I only charged her twenty-five shillings for that."

"Seamstress, eh?"

"Yes. She goes out for three shillings per day, and, of course, she can't afford anything better than this."

The victim was as red as a strawberry by this time.

"You wouldn't care to look at this thirty-shilling bonnet, as it is for a mechanic's wife," softly remarked the milliner.

"No—ahem—perhaps not," he grunted.

"Just take one at forty shillings might possibly do," she went on, "although your wife's position in society would only permit her to wear it for second best. Just wait, and I'll show you something for fifty shillings which will charm you."

"I won't! I'll be hanged if I wait a minute!" he exclaimed as he rose up. "I don't feel very well, and I've also agreed to meet a man at three o'clock. Martha, you go ahead and pick out a bonnet."

"One for—for fifteen shillings?" she whispered.

"Fifteen be-hangs! Who said anything about fifteen shillings? If you can make forty shillings do you, I'd take it; but if you look better in one for fifty shillings, you can have it sent up. What I was scolding about this morning was the shape of your bonnet, not the cost. I still hold that the shapes are outrageous, but you've got to have one, all the same."

And when he got outside and round the corner he struck the air with his cane and vowed he would never go shopping with his wife again.

An Agreeable Assurance.

Gentleman at a restaurant: "I say, waiter, your customers are a noisy lot!"

"Yes sir, and yet they are so particular, you wouldn't believe! Why that same turbot you are eating just now, six of them refused before you came in."

Precocious.

Mamma and baby have stepped out on the terrace to see whether cook has forgotten to give the cat its dinner. They find pussy engaged in cleaning up its plate, in which operation it is assisted by an immense tom-cat.

"Wherever can that creature have come from?" inquires mamma, and baby makes answer:

"Why, that's pussy's policeman!"

The Convict.

A man who had been condemned to be burnt at the stake contrived to make his escape from the "minions of the law." As there was nothing else to be done, they burnt him in effigy. On that very day the culprit was crossing one of the highest mountains in the Pyrenees on his way to France, and ever afterwards he used to say:

"I never felt so cold in my life as on the day I was burnt."

His Trustful Ways.

"George, don't!" exclaimed she. "You are altogether too much like the Anthracite Coal Trust."

"Think so, my dear?"

"Yes. The nearer the winter season draws nigh the tighter you squeeze."

Looking at the Brighter Side.

Bobley (soaking under his umbrella)—Whew! Don't you find it pretty rough, Tom, to be out in the rain this way, with your collar turned up and no other shelter?

Winggins—No. I'm happy. A fellow's lucky to have even a collar left to put up after coming from a seaside vacation. Had to put up about everything else I had down there!"

We must drink of the fountain of knowledge to quench the thirst of curiosity.

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Foreman—The report of that assault and battery case lacks seven lines of filling the column, sir.

Editor—Hm! How many times do the words 'man,' 'woman,' 'stranger,' or 'bystander' occur?

Foreman (after counting)—Thirty-seven times.

Editor—Good! Just insert the words 'well-dressed' before each of 'em.

A Straight Scoop.

An American, in London, takes up a newspaper and in glancing at a column and a half leader in which the writer mentions a deed committed at the instance of the scheming Duke Richard, throws down the paper and exclaims:

"Well, if that ain't journalism for you."

"What's that?" some one asks.

"Why those newspapers have just caught on to the murder of the princes in the tower. Why, the American newspapers had that years ago."

The Style Should Be Patented.

Isaacson—You gomplain because dhose pants haf shrunk a leedle?

Bowwowy—A little! De tings are like tights, sure!

Isaacson—Vy, dot was de peauty of my clodhings; dey was loose und easy in de summer, but dey grow closer und comfordable when de cold veddder comes on. Ain'd you got any style apoud you anyvay?

Up All Night.

"Can't I sell you a burglar alarm?" he asked of a householder in a neighborhood where a number of houses has been entered.

"No; I have no use for anything of that kind. My daughter has just become engaged, and the young man calls every evening."

A Difference of Opinion.

Dime Museum Manager (to freak)—See here, Bones, I'm tired of your overlasting growl. You're getting altogether too big for your business.

Living Skeleton—Faith, there's not much danger of that from the way you're feeding me lately. Yer give de fat lady a seven-course dinner, while I get a sandwich wid a glass of water. D' you think a spoonful of grub will make my skin crack?"

A Great Excuse.

"I haven't any sympathy with you," snapped out Mrs. Brown. "Experience never teaches you men anything. Here's the second time you have fallen down the cellar."

"What are you talking about?" growled the old man, rubbing his shins. "Didn't we move since then and ain't this a different cellar?"

Locks, Bolts and Bars.

Counsel for the defence (to his wife)—My dear, I want you to lock up everything that is movable in the house.

Wife—Why so?

Counsel—The thief who was acquitted this morning without a stain upon his character, owing to my brilliant defence, is coming, I am told, this afternoon to thank me.

Friendship gives no privilege to make ourselves disagreeable.

Heavily Laden.

Jessica—Please carry my purse for me, Cousin Rommy—that's a good boy.

Romulus—Aw, no, Jessie! I should be chawmed—upon my soul I would—but I've got my cane to carry, don't yah see?

An Expert Opinion.

He—My dear Mrs. Brewster, do you think marriage is a failure?

She (a four times widow, with warmth)—No, indeed!

Shrinkage.

Mrs. Brown—Now just look at those flannels! If anything will shrink more from washing I'd like to know what it is."

Mr. Brown—A boy will, my dear.

A Reasonable Demand.

She—No! Mr. Harding, it can never be. But I will always be a sister—

He (rising)—Oh, that's the deal, is it? Well then, sister, if you've got your thimble handy, I wish you would sew up the knees of my trousers that I have sacrificed in finding out our relationship.—*N. Y. Life.*

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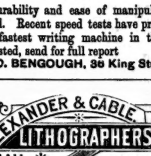

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Social Ambition.

The rock bound coast of social power presents an almost unbroken line of wrecked argosies that were once freighted with human hopes and happiness which have come to grief on this ill-fated shore. Sable Island bears a sinister reputation amongst mariners as "the graveyard of the Atlantic," and social power may be characterized as the graveyard of innumerable victims of that erratic ambition which shows, nevertheless, but little signs of a diminished following.

Social supremacy, to change the simile, may, with propriety, be likened to the *ignis fatuus* which lures the unsuspecting traveller to his doom. The ambition to reach this bauble is a death blow to domestic quiet. It is, in a majority of cases, a desperate striving for the unattainable. How can it be otherwise? But very few are the number of those who are permitted to reach its well nigh inaccessible heights, and fewer still is the number of those who have the capacity for enjoying the prospect when reached. The result seldom, or never, approximates the outlay. The struggle for social supremacy is a sustained one; there is little or no resting by the wayside; no sooner do we cry a halt than another takes up the running and we are out of the race. The wise citizen gazes not with the eye of envy on the leader of fashion, for he knows that the latter is but the monarch of a day, twenty-four hours of which is beset with hatred and malice and all uncharitableness. Happiness has no abiding place here. The search for happiness must be commenced in the home circle, and the space between the home circle and social ambition is as distant as the poles.

The Grumbler.

Every parish has its social butterfly, and well nigh every household knows the disturbing influence of the chronic grumbler. To the jaundiced vision of the habitual grumbler nothing is perfect, there is always something wanting and therefore always something to be cavilled at. It is doubtful if such an one would view the dawn of the millennium with complacency, for the coming of the millennium implies the dawn of perfection, and with perfection always on tap the occupation of the grumbler would be gone.

There are men possessed of a strong individuality who have succeeded in investing the character with a species of grim humor that is actually far from being distasteful, but the average grumbler is a social wet blanket that should be wrung and dried up at every opportunity. Wherever he is it is always the same. In church work he is a constant discomfort to his pastor, in social life he is the worry and torment of his hostess who, perhaps, because he is a dancing man, is compelled to include his name on her guest list. In business life he is the unhappy cause of endless annoyance and wretchedness to those who are dependent on his good will. He is the uncompromising enemy of all enthusiasm, or sentiment, in any cause in which he may be engaged.

The grumbletonian possesses one good negative quality, however, he is seldom or never a lick-spittle or a time-server. He is too full of angularities for that. But he fully atones for this virtue by the successful manner in which he places "on pins and needles" the unfortunates who are brought into contact with the gentleman whose reputation rests solely on his capacity for grumbling.

The New Baby.

Expectation is crowned, the hope of anxious months has found fruition, and the new baby is with us at last. What a week it has been, to be sure! Everything topsy-turvy, and towering high above it all a stern-browed woman, with the traces of many a weary midnight vigil upon her brows, holds unchallenged sway in this invaded household. When she speaks the crushed individual—who once fondly imagined himself a monarch within these walls—like Longfellow's dying baron, "slowly turns his weary head to hear," and, hearing, yields implicit obedience.

Two winsome little faces peep from the nursery door, awe and expectation in every feature as, a moment later, they pass along the landing to see mother and "the new baby brother whom God has sent." What wonder and delight is theirs during the few moments they are permitted to gaze on the queer little bundle of mottled humanity so deftly handled by the severe looking nurse. Once more is heard the sanctioned fable of the doctor who brought the little stranger in his pocket—but hush! that little cry given by God in His infinite pity to the last born's helplessness appeals to the professional instincts of the nurse, and the little sister visitors are bundled off to the nursery where auntie and "ganmama" are regaled with wonderful accounts of their "noo likkle bruzzer." And the "noo likkle bruzzer," swathed in flannels and grateful warmth, is sleeping the wonderful sleep of infancy whilst she, at whose side he "grunts and grows," is weaving beautiful thoughts of the successful career to be pursued in the coming years by her baby-boy. Of some avail, be sure, will be the unspoken prayer she offers—that these little feet may walk in the narrow pathway which leads unto the eternal city—even the city of God.

Miss Lizzie Higgins, who has lately graduated at the Leipsic Conservatory of Music and has since joined the Value staff of the Toronto Conservatory, gave a recital in the Y. M. C. A. Lecture Room on Saturday afternoon, before a large and enthusiastic audience. Miss Higgins' programme was largely composed of what may be termed novelties here, and was exceedingly well rendered. She has a good, clear technique, giving a nice, pearly touch, though somewhat deficient in *sostenuto*. Her comprehension of her subjects is good and musically, and when she is heard, free from the disadvantages of a certain nervousness, incidental to a first appearance, and from the physical disability which must ensue from playing in a stone-cold room, as was the lecture room, Miss Higgins will undoubtedly strengthen the good impression she made on Saturday. In spite of these drawbacks her performance of Godard's fanciful Mazurka in B flat major, of Chopin's A flat Ballade, and of Moszkowski's Value Brillante in A flat major was admirable, and she showed herself plentifully endowed with the musician's heart and brains. Two vocal selections by Mr. Charles Dimmock and Mrs. E. N. Gough, pupils of Signor D'Auria, were pleasingly rendered.

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A large audience greeted Mr. Archer on his latest visit to Toronto, when he played at the Metropolitan Church. His selections comprised Guilmant's Sonata in D minor, the Allegro con Moto from Mendelssohn's quintette in A, Guilmant's Canzone in F minor, Roeckel's Air du Dauphin, Eckert's Andante from the B minor trio, Bach's G minor fugue, Barnett's Scherzo The Elfin Page, and the overtures to Maritana and Oberon, and Lemmens' Storm Fantasia. His playing was fully up to the excellence which all have been led to expect from him, and a programme composed of such diverse subjects offered full scope for his versatility upon the king of instruments. All acquainted with the instrument must have admired his readiness of registration and his happy combinations. He played the fugue at a tremendous pace, which, while thoroughly displaying his virtuosity, rather blurred the work. Mr. Torrington's choir sang several numbers in a rather brusque manner, and occasionally made a rather unconventional division of the words of the Te Deum.

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The vocalist of the evening was Mlle. Adele Strauss, a young lady who has studied at the Strasburg Conservatoire, and made her first public appearance here on this occasion. She has a powerful, resonant voice of considerable compass and excellently trained. It has a clear and sweet quality, full of feeling and dignity, and she gave an admirable rendering of an aria from Gluck's Alceste, and also of a selection from Bach's Passion Music. Mr. Torrington's violin obligato to the latter was not a success, and that the lady sang with certainty and artistic taste in spite of this dissonant feature is much to the credit of her self reliance and knowledge of her art. Mlle. Strauss is certainly an accession to our performers, and all her auditors of Monday evening hope to hear her again soon in a secular programme.

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The programme-for-five-cents nuisance was to the front again. Why such a concert as this, in which instrumental music predominated, should have a book of words is incomprehensible, unless it is because the singers do not pronounce their words clearly, or else because it was sought to make a few extra dollars at the cost of annoying nearly everybody in the audience. The absurdity of the whole scheme is shown by giving the words of the Te Deum which are, or should be, known to everyone—and not even mentioning the name of the Gluck selection. Or was this omitted because it was operatic?

METRONOME.

Good Luck!

"Twas only a battered horse-shoe
She found in the roadway day,
And she lifted it half gravely,
And half in a joking way.

"They say it is luck," she murmur'd,
And shaking her golden head;
"Aye, hang it within your chamber,"
An old woman, smiling, said.

"For 'twill bring you luck, my lassie,
For 'twill bring you merry times,
Either in the world's successes,
Or in happy marriage-chimes."

So the maiden took the horse-shoe,
And she hung it on her wall,
But she thought no more about it,
Knowing not Love's tender thrall.

So the winter pass'd to spring-time,
When she met upon her way,
In the lane, a handsome horseman,
Who had miss'd his homeward way.

"If the smithy you would show me,
Tho' I'm grieved to trouble you,"
Said he, "I should thank you, maiden,
For my horse has lost a shoe."

So the spring-time pass'd to summer,
And when autumn leaves were red,
He who met her learnt to love her,
Asking her the while to wed.

He was young, and fond, and wealthy,
And he loved her so that he,
So, when winter's snow was falling,
She became the squire's wife!

And as each year brings fresh blessings,
Glances she upon the wall,
Saying: "There's the dear old horse-shoe
That has brought me to it all!"

CECIL LORRAINE.

Why She Asked.

"George, dear," said Mabel, as they sat together in the cosy parlor, "you have been coming to see me every Sunday night for the past six months."

"Yes, Mabel."

"Now, there is one thing that I would like to ask you."

"What is it?"

"Do you think that you could ever learn to love another?"

"Never while the stars shine, or the sun casts his beams upon the earth."

"Are you sure?"

"As sure as I am that I now live. Why do you ask such a question?"

"I was in hopes there was some prospect of your giving me a rest."

If the large audiences which assembled at the Grand Opera House the first three evenings of this week be any criterion the French school of dramatic art must be popular in Toronto. On Monday evening Miss Fanny Davenport produced Sardou's Fedora. This was the third time this play had been acted in this city. The first time Robert B. Mantell took the leading *role* as Louis Ipanoff; the second time it was played in the original tongue by the great tragedienne for whom it was written—Sarah Bernhardt.

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This play shows, as most productions of French authors do, that the French are a more artistic people than the English. On seeing such a play as Fedora an Englishman asks himself, "Where is the moral of all this?" Our plays and our stories, with very few exceptions, point a moral, or have some serious purpose. A Frenchman writes a play or a book, not for the purpose of teaching a moral or correcting an abuse, but simply to amuse. Fedora is merely a representation of human character which entertains by reason of its being widely different from our every-day experiences.

•

The part of the Princess Fedora taken by Miss Davenport is a most exacting one, requiring the exhibition of conflicting emotions such as are rarely witnessed in real life. With the exception of one or two places Miss Davenport carried the part through with great power. The conflicting passions of love and revenge were admirably portrayed, and the climax of despair and death with which she ended held the audience spellbound. She was ably supported by Melbourne McDowell as Louis Ipanoff, who, though slightly stilted in his movements, infused his part with much animation. Miss Merron as the Countess Sonkoreff was also clever and received much applause.

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At last Toronto has seen La Tosca, and has become convinced that the whole thing is not so very dreadful after all. Briefly told, its plot is this: La Tosca, a favorite *diva*, loves Mario, an artist, and is, in turn, loved *par amours* by the Baron Scarpia. Mario shelters a political refugee and is further entangled by the machinations of Scarpia in the meshes of an imaginary intrigue with the Marquise Attavanti. Finally Mario is in the toils and La Tosca undergoes the frightful ordeal of divulging the whereabouts of Mario's fugitive friend and of listening to the agonized shrieks of her lover who is being tortured in an adjoining room. Womanlike, she confesses, and her lover is released from torture, only to be condemned to death. Then Scarpia confesses his love and offers her the life of her lover at the price of infamy. She consents under the pressure of mental torture, secures a useless pardon for her lover, poniards Scarpia, only to find her lover has been platooned by the soldiery. In an agony of despair La Tosca curses the officer in charge and dying crawls to the side of her dead lover and dies with his hand to her lips.

•

The play of La Tosca is not an immoral one, and no fair minded critic would condemn it as such. The leading thought of the dramatist is obviously to show the absolute, insane loyalty of a woman to the love of her heart. La Tosca obeys the command of the man she adores, as a slave would, until his shrieks of agony become too heartrending for woman's nature to bear.

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When her mental torture becomes unbearable, she tells that which her lover has forbidden her to tell, as every loving woman would under such awful circumstances.

•

And here comes the point which has excited the artificial wrath of the self-imagined purists. La Tosca's lover is to be killed. You who are women, think of that for one moment, for to you love is not an idle dream that fades away as mist before the morning sun.

•

The natural condition of things at this stage suggests the one horrible ordeal under which to place this persecuted girl. If she could save her lover by instant death she would have done it without protest, and there would have been no excuse for a dramatic struggle. But no! the one thing, the climax of suffering, would be to submit to the love of the devilish Scarpia. Sardou knew the point, and wrote accordingly. It is strong, dramatically and humanly—in fact it is the most powerful and human thing in the whole play.

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Sardou represents here a condition of masculine lechery that is most common, so common that some of the lecherous masculines, who are capable of it, ought to have it pictured for their benefit.

•

The dramatist takes a naked truth and makes it as disgusting as the truth itself. He faithfully shows its effect upon a sensitive woman, and makes her kill Scarpia, an act which is wholly in the direct order of things. La Tosca could not have slain her persecutor, except under the precise provocation that the author makes for her. This—the insult—the dread alternative had to be made clear to, and understood by the audience.

•

Of course all interest on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings centered in Davenport and Melbourne McDowell as La Tosca and Scarpia. Miss Davenport's portrayal of the heroine was was an eminently satisfactory one. Her caustic and "snappy" speeches in the studio scene with Marie were delightfully piquant, and proved a pleasing counterfoil to the tragic sadness of succeeding scenes. With every desire to give Miss Davenport the highest praise for her work last Tuesday night, I cannot help feeling that she comes a little short in tragedy. High comedy seems to me to be her especial *forte*. On one or two occasions I noticed a disposition on the part of several in the audience to smile during the torture scene, and these were people who evidently judged the play on its merits.

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Melbourne McDowell as Scarpia was just a trifle stagey. His cold, gray eyes suited the character very well, but I think, all the same, he worked them for just a little more than they are worth. In his last act he appeared to me as if he were more intent on counting the number of his steps across the room, than in laying hold of La Tosca in the pursuit of his villainous desire. Apart from this his rendering of the Baron Scarpia was an excellent one.

•

With an actress of Fanny Davenport's reputation, and a play that has been written and talked about so much as La Tosca, crowded houses were to be expected as a matter of course. There is little doubt had Manager Sheppard raised the scale of prices the sale of seats would have been but slightly impaired. In this case the public has benefited by the action of the Grand Opera House people.

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Next week Rose Coghlan appears at the Grand in Jocelyn, a play written especially for her by her brother.

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Hoodman Blind has drawn full houses at the Toronto Opera House this week. The company is not a strong one. Hamilton Harris, as Jack Yeulett, does fairly good work in the leading *role*. Miss Eva Mountford also does parts of her work very effectively. The remainder of the company ranges from middling to bad.

•

The Waifs of New York is the attraction for the coming week at the Toronto Opera House.

Wit and Humor.

The sky, unlike man, is most cheerful when bluest.

Even a doctor who speaks only one language may yet understand a great many tongues.

What is that which we wish for, and when obtained we never know we have it?—Sleep.

It seems absurd to speak of a blind man's favorite color, and yet everybody has heard of blind man's buff.

Grace (whispering)—What lovely boots your partner has got, Mary! Mary (ditto)—Yes, unfortunately he shines at the wrong end!

The four principal women's colleges in the United States are Wellesley, with 620 students; Smith, with 357; Vassar, with 283; and Bryn Mawr, with 79.

Swell (bad payer)—That stripe looks well—so does this check. Which would you prefer for yourself if you were choosing? Long-suffering Tailor—A cheque.

Mother—And do you really feel so very ill, Bobby? Bobby—Yes, ma. I ain't quite sick enough to need any medicine, but I'm a little bit too sick to go to school."

A.—Pray can you tell me what that picture represents; B.—That is the celebrated Queen Cleopatra. Have you never heard of her? A.—No. Fact is, I hardly ever read the paper.

A French writer judges women by their thumbs. Those with large thumbs are said to be more likely to possess native intelligence, while the small thumbs indicate feeling.

"I say, Clara, are you going to Mrs. Shunby's in that dress?" "Certainly. Why not?" "Isn't it rather—er—low?" "Oh, well, that doesn't matter—Mrs. Shunby's as deaf as a post."

Fashion has decreed a new wedding anniversary, the "clover wedding," upon the fourth year of matrimony. The gifts are four-leaved tables, screens, glass dishes, portfolios, frames, and other articles with quatrefoil designs.

Patient—Oh, doctor, you don't know how it worries me to think that I might be buried alive. Doctor—Calm yourself, Mrs. B. You need have no fear of anything like that. Trust to me, and I assure you that you are in no danger.

Lady Customer—How much are grouse today, Mr. Giblets? Poulterer—Twelve shillings a brace, ma'am. Shall I send them—— Lady Customer—No, you need not send them. My husband's out grouse-shooting, and he'll call for them as he comes home!

A Cynic Outwitted.—Son—Papa, how do you catch lunatics? Cynical father—With large straw hats and feathers, and white dresses, jewelry, and neat gloves, my boy. Mamma (musingly)—Yes, I remember, that's how I dressed before we were married.

Mrs Wallspill—Even the dress she went to court in last year is not paid for. Madame Fichu herself told me so only yesterday. Miss Mumstay—Oh! my dear, that is Madame Fichu's well-known way of reminding her other customers of their little outstanding bills.

"I never can be more than a sister to you," said a buxom widow, tenderly, to an old bachelor who had proposed. "Ah, madam, yes you can," he responded gallantly; "I am not a man to lose hope." "Yes, but I cannot," she persisted. "But," he said, "you have daughters; you may yet be my mother-in-law."

"But, your honor," said the prisoner, "I am not guilty of this crime. I have three witnesses who will swear that at the hour when this man was robbed I was at home in my own chamber taking care of my baby." "Yes, your honor," gibbly answered the prisoner's counsel, "that is strictly true. We can prove a lullaby, your honor."

He was an ardent but an economical lover, and had been courting her for three months. "When do you think, dearest," he said, as they sat near the moonlit window, one evening, "that the moon appears at its best?" "I think," she replied, "the moon always look the loveliest when one is returning home from the opera."

John Howard Payne's play, Clari, or the Maid of Milan, which contains the words of Home, Sweet Home, was brought out at Covent Garden Theatre, May 8, 1823. The air to which Payne's words were set was given in the printed copy as a Sicilian air, but it is claimed to have been composed by Sir Henry Bishop. The fact is that Sir Henry Bishop took the air, which was Sicilian, and slightly modified it to suit the piece in which it occurs.

Miss Clara (to young Featherly, a guest at dinner)—Won't you have an orange, Mr. Featherly? Featherly—O, thanks awfully. Bobby (turning to his mother)—How's that, ma? Mother—Hush! what, Bobby? Bobby—Mr. Featherly took an orange from Clara. Mother—There, there, Bobby; little boys shouldn't talk at table. Bobby—Yes, ma; but you said that Mr. Featherly's visit here, so far as Clara is concerned, would be fruitless.

He was naturally bashful, and in her company was as dull as an oyster. She understood him, and one evening asked plainly what made him so silent whenever he called on her. "I—er—I don't know," he stammered. "I always—ah—have something to say before you come in, but I can't get it out." "Indeed!" she said encouragingly. "Yes; I am like a bottle that is corked up tightly." "Very tight?" "Yes—indeed, very." "Well, that isn't so bad as you think. There is one good thing about it." "What is it, pray?" "Well, you know, the tighter a bottle is corked the more forcibly it pops." He grasped the situation at once; and now she does not care whether he talks or not. She is content to do it all herself.

His Last Mount.

DEDICATED TO THE TORONTO HUNT CLUB.

For Saturday Night.

Gayest of the silk-clad band;
Laughing as he passed the stand,
Rode the careless "Blue and Red,"
"Just for fun," he said.

Poor Fred Archer's master hand
Ne'er such sorry hack could land
Anywhere but last of all,
Save the field should fall!

Much less could the careless lad
Place the little chestnut prad;
If he kept the race in view,
Quite enough to do.

Never chance for him that day;
(Turn the race the other way,
And he'd win half-way almost)
Beaten at the post.

Yet the crowd should have a run,
And he'd send him "just for fun;"
Ride him out with pad and steel,
Far as he could reel.

Dropped the flag; away they sped;
Gallantly the "Blue and Red"
Makes the "running," till the colt
Shoots his failing bolt.

From the stand a storm of chaff,
As he falters at the half;
For the "cold cross" tells its tale,
Lagging like a snail.

Just to fill the race he went,
Now with nerve and muscle spent,
Sulking on with coward heart,
Shirks the hardest part.

Beat so far, one hardly knew
That a horse bore "Red and Blue;"
For the field had reached the end
Ere he turned the bend.

Why he did it none can say,
Half in anger, half in play,
Heeding not the warning shout,
Straight he rode him out.

Maybe wounded jockey's pride
Drove the steels into his side;
Sitting down he rode him home,
Seemingly alone.

Yet unseen by mortal sight,
Leaped the ghastly steed of white,
"Black and All Black" coming through
On the "Red and Blue."

Stride for stride, and breath for breath,
Raced the viewless steed of Death,
Grim and certain, making play
For his stakes that day.

All too late for turning back
Stepped a man upon the track;
Death had timed his finish well—
Crash, the chestnut fell!

With wet flanks and starting eyes;
With his four hoofs to the skies;
Reeling on his silken bed
Striped with Blue and Red!

Strong men ran, and swiftly they
Dragged the fallen horse away—
"Stand you back and give him air!"
Ah! He does not care.

With white face and nerveless hand;
With his spurs drove in the sand;
Slowly from his quivering lips
Trickled the fatal crimson slips.

So they bear him to the sod—
From the saddle to his God,
In his innocence or sin
To the weighing in.

Laughing at some jesting tale,
Young and strong he sat the scale—
May he pull the needful weight
On the beam of fate.

Did the crowd go home? not they!
Careless glances turned away
As the bell clanged out space
For another race.

ED. W. SANDYS.

The Fisherwife's Vigil.

With a blithe "good-bye" he left the shore
To sail on the pathless sea.
"I shall only be gone for a day, no more,
For the shoal isn't far," said he
"It's a five-pound note I at least shall get,
For the mackerel thickly lie,
And I think I know how to cast a net,
So, lassie, my own, good-bye!"
And the tide on the shingle murmur'd low,
"Gold, gold, is the cause of a depth of woe!"

As the sun sank down in the crimson'd west
She watch'd from the wooden quay,
And fears would anon fill her anxious breast
As she gaz'd on the rising sea,
For the wind veer'd round and the clouds grew black
As the shadows of night wore on;
And she knew full well he should now be back
From the banks where he'd sailing gone!
And the waves on the shingle murmur'd low,
"Gold, gold, is the cause of a depth of woe!"

Thro' the livelong night on the quay stay'd she,
The wind to a tempest grew,
And the billows raged on the angry sea
Till the spray o'er the lighthouse flew.
On their tardy course came the rays of morn,
When she knew that all hope was o'er,
For the boat, with its sails all blown and torn,
Lay empty upon the shore!
And the tide on the shingle murmur'd low,
"Gold, gold, is the cause of a depth of woe!"

EDWARD OXFORD

A Warning to Maidens.

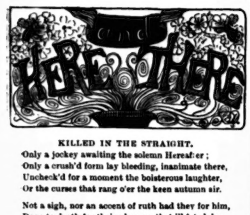
"The man I wed," the young girl said,
"Must be a noble cavalier,
Fit for romance, with shield and lance,
A noble heart, devoid of fear."

A year or two, that quickly flew,
Had changed the maiden's will in part,
"The man I wed," this time she said,
"Must be a man of loving heart."

Her beauty grew. Men sought to woo
And win the wayward little witch.
She tossed her head, and proudly said:
"The man I marry must be rich."

Years came and went; on riches bent,
She scorned the true hearts at her feet:
Her heart was steeled; she would not yield,
The dream of wealth was all too sweet.

So time sped on. Her youth had gone,
And still her maiden hand was free;
She hung her head at last and said,
"I wonder who will marry me!"



KILLED IN THE STRAIGHT.

Only a jockey awaiting the solemn Hereafter;
Only a crush'd form lay bleeding, inanimate there,
Unchek'd for a moment the boisterous laughter,
Or the curses that rang o'er the keen autumn air.

Not a sigh, nor an accent of ruth had they for him,
Done to death for their pleasure that ill fated day,
Not a bet was delayed, as the ambulance bore him,
For why should they fret o'er inanimate clay?

'Tis the way of the world, little pity has Fashion
For the innocent cause of its momentary gloom,
Aye! Pity is silent, and none hath compassion
Save the jockey-lad's mother, who weeps o'er his tomb.

H. K. C.

* * *

Poor little Cook! ill-fated jockey boy! Only a year away from England and the green fields of pleasant Dereham in the good old county of Norfolk. Only one short year from home, and butchered to make a Hunt Club holiday. And the man who ought to have been killed escapes with hardly a scratch. I feel none the less indignant at his narrow escape when I hear that this is the second occasion on which he has figured in an affair of this kind.

* * *

'Tis a pity, I am sure, that he could not have been permitted to stand, if only for one half-hour, by that cot in the hospital last Sunday, and thus be brought face to face with the awful result of his inexcusable selfishness.

* * *

Poor little Cook! There he lay on the cot, with his jockey shirt and his master's colors on, just as he had worn them a few short hours before. A bright, honest-looking English face, the ruddy hue on his cheek making it difficult to believe that the end was so near. His right arm was evidently paralyzed, but ever and anon the bridle arm would raise itself, and give that peculiar shake of the wrist, which marks the true jockey, just for all the world as if he were in the straight once more, and flogging for home. Aye! poor lad, he was indeed racing once more, but it was the race between Life and Death, with the pale horse an easy winner. Everything—and that was little, of course—was done for him; but the screen placed around his cot was the unspoken evidence of the utter hopelessness of his case.

* * *

I have no word of censure for the officers of the Hunt Club in continuing the races. A jockey is a jockey; riding with all its attendant risks is his trade; therefore he must stand prepared to accept all the chances of accident and abide by them. But I do say the Hunt Club officers showed a gross lack of decency and propriety in failing to check the brutality of the poolsellers, who cried their wares even as the dying lad was borne past them in the ambulance.

* * *

And now it appears that the members of the Ontario Jockey Club and the Hunt Club, whilst they certainly speak as they pass by, do so in the most frigid fashion. Sitting on icebergs and swallowing snowballs is nothing to it. I am not disposed at this moment to go into the why and the wherefore of this pretty little tiff, but I think a little more sportsmanlike feeling ought to obtain between these august brotherhoods.

* * *

The impudent theft of a two thousand dollar package of bills from the teller's desk in a Montreal bank has opened the eyes of bankers to the necessity of providing unfortunate tellers with special safeguards from theft. In many banks the teller is to be caged in above, below and all around him. Cashing a cheque will, in future, bear a strong resemblance to gaol visiting, with the novelty of seeing an honest man behind the bars.

* * *

Eugenie, ex-Empress of the French, is "madder'n a wet hen" at the accusations of treachery to England, boldly made against Napoleon III. in the diary of the late Kaiser Fritz. Of course she is! We are always terribly indignant at the charge of treachery, and none the less indignant are we when the charge contains a true bill.

* * *

Advertisers should ponder carefully over, and exercise some degree of regard for their connections. Such advice is badly needed by the individual who advertises in this remarkable fashion, "To be sold—A square piano the property of a lady about to travel in a walnut case with carved legs."

* * *

I hear the distinct success of Gilbert and Sullivan's Yeomen of the Guard has been principally won by Sullivan's enchanting music. So far from having written himself out after all he has done, Sullivan has infused more of freshness in this new work than in all the rest put together. This is praise indeed, and I can only express the hope that it is perfectly true.

* * *

The next Memoirs we are to gloat over will be those of Grenville Murray, written by his widow, to be published early next year. These memoirs should make interesting reading, for Grenville Murray was a born *raconteur*, and had every opportunity for picking up society scandals. He was, I believe, the author of that brilliant society novel The Boudoir Cabal, and if I err not, Lord Palmerston was the author of his existence.

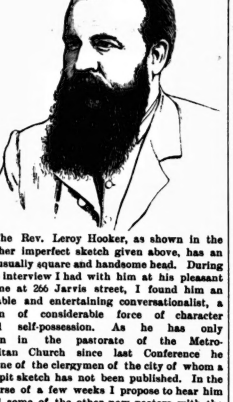
* * *

Nothing that I know of has impressed me as being more pathetic of late than the information conveyed in the first three items in the obituary column of this week's SATURDAY NIGHT. Personally the Furlonge family are quite unknown to me, but surely none will read, unmoved, those lines which tell of the passing away of a household, the eldest of whom was barely 35. First the little one, six months old, just enough to win a welcome in the household, is taken away. Three weeks later the young husband is the next to be summoned, and within the month the one survivor, the bereaved mother, the heart-broken wife, was buried at sea.

SR. GEORGE.

The Metropolitan Pastor.

A CHAT WITH REV. LEROY HOOKER—A SINGULAR KIND OF A CONVERSION.



The Rev. Leroy Hooker, as shown in the rather imperfect sketch given above, has an unusually square and handsome head. During the interview I had with him at his pleasant home at 266 Jarvis street, I found him an affable and entertaining conversationalist, a man of considerable force of character and self-possession. As he has only been in the pastorate of the Metropolitan Church since last Conference he is one of the clergymen of the city of whom a pulpit sketch has not been published. In the course of a few weeks I propose to hear him and some of the other new pastors with the idea of criticizing their pulpit style. Rev. Mr. Hooker was born in the State of Vermont fifty years ago, though one would hardly suspect him of being so old, his abundant hair and flowing whiskers not being touched with a point of gray. His boyhood was spent in Elgin, Ont., and he was converted about the age of nineteen years. His education began in the common schools, and he is an excellent illustration of how well educated a man may become without attending college. He began his ministry on the Romney circuit, going from there to Milton under Dr. Williams, and thence to Barrie for a year. He was ordained in June, 1865, in the city of London, and four days afterwards was married to Miss Russell of Tilbury, Kent county. He resumed his ministry at Florence circuit for a term and then returned to Romney at the request of the Church, spending two years. He was then removed seven hundred miles east to the town of Waterloo, in Quebec, for a term of three years. He next labored at Coaticooke, Que., for three years, and after one year spent at Kemptville, near Ottawa, Ont., was sent to Quebec City for a three-year term. Dominion Church, Ottawa, enjoyed his ministry for three years, and thence he went to Sydenham street Church, Kingston, where he spent three years, thence to Simcoe, Ont., where he remained only two years, and last June came to take charge of the Metropolitan Church, which, in conversation, he remarked, was acknowledged by both Americans and English to be the leading Methodist church in the world for situation, membership and moral influence. He has been in the ministry twenty-seven years, and refers to the work of preaching the gospel as a "luxury" which has made him a happy man.

"Speaking about fear, I suppose you have read Canon Farrar's last utterances; how do they strike you?"

"Well," said he, "I had read very much the same things from Canon Farrar's pen on Eternal Hope, years ago. I am not able to receive his views, nor sympathize with him on this subject."

"Do you think them contrary to truth, or is it because the retention of the opposite doctrine is best for the propagation and preservation of the church?"

"I think they are contrary to fact or I would accept them at once. I would not teach anything simply because it promised present help in binding the church together. If I did not believe it to be truth I would not teach it, and if I heard other men teaching it, I, believing it to be false, should deny it."

"Don't you think the gospel is a more beautiful thing with the fiery furnace left out of it?"

"Is that what you mean? That is not what Canon Farrar means; that is not his point. I think we have long ago got rid of the boiling cauldron of hot sulphur."

"What idea were you following?"

"The 'eternal hope,' the 'second probation' and 'final and certain salvation hereafter for all men.'"

"Then you discard the lake of fire idea without accepting the eternal hope idea?"

"By all means."

"Now this has always been a question I could never solve exactly: 'If it is not eternal fire, is it something as bad?' Do you think that is a proper statement of it?"

"I think that we having no experience of a soul out of the body, the Lord in teaching found it necessary to take some physical figure out of the list of things of which we had had experience, to give us an idea of what would be the misery of a soul finally and eternally lost. I think had He described the condition of a lost soul in the other world in exact and literal language, we could not grasp it now. He took a figure to help our understanding, that I think is evident on the surface of the English Bible. It does not take a scholar to find that out. I refer to a passage where He speaks of 'fire prepared for the devil and his angels,' spiritual beings, therefore not a fire that could affect corporeal bodies.

"Speaking of Canon Farrar, I am glad there were men at the Church Congress of which you speak, to propose that the ministry of the Church of England should recognize as sufficient the ordination of the so-called Dissenting ministers, it may never be carried into effect, but if it should be, it will be the greatest step towards healing all the wounds that have been inflicted on the body of Christ for the last two hundred years."

"I asked if it would not have a reviving effect on the Church of England if the Anglican clergy came into contact with some vigorous and aggressive forces.

"It would bring a measure of divine grace to them that they have never yet had. The chief blessing would come down from above upon them, but a great blessing would come through their intercourse with their Christian brethren."

. . . . .

"Can you give me an instance of conversion?"

"I suppose you want a typical one. A young man came under conviction in a public service. He showed some distress of mind and later he stood up and intimated that he wished the congregation to pray for him. I knew his history and determined that he should not go any further in that direction until he had righted a great wrong as far as he could. So the next morning I drove some miles to his place, got him into my buggy and drove him off into the woods where I could talk to him at leisure. I shall not give you any names.

"I said 'You want to be saved, do you?'

"'Yes,' he said, 'I do.'

"'Now,' I said, 'you have done a good many bad things, as we all have, but there is one thing that will stand in your way more than anything else.'

"'What is that?' asked he.

"'That affair out by the lake,' I replied. He knew at once what I meant and began to deny his guilt. I told him that it was of no use, that notwithstanding all he said I believed him to be a guilty man. 'Now,' I said, 'I am to deal faithfully with you, save you if I can, and the one way for you to get saved is to make that wrong as near right as you can. You can never make it altogether right. You must go and honestly offer marriage to that young woman, and until you are ready to do that God will have nothing to do with you. I don't know whether she will marry you or not; I would not advise her to, but you must mean right as far as you can. If you are prepared to do right in this thing, and are willing to forsake your other sins the Lord will have mercy on you.'

"Well, I left him with authority to see the family to which I referred and to ask whether he might visit the house with a view to such a course as I had recommended. I told them I did not advise the marriage from my side, only that this man to be saved must do right as far as he could. After a long consideration they consented. The young man visited the family, they 'made it up' and arranged for a marriage, and shortly after that he was converted. I married them and received them both into the church."

"Do you know anything of the result?"

"Nothing very different. As long as I knew they were doing fairly well. However, when a man has been desperately wicked and dishonorable it is pretty difficult to get him right. Some do get on, all the way up, grow into stability of goodness, but the man who has allowed himself to become vile and dishonorable has very nearly given away his soul. The point of that example is this, that a man must be willing and prepared to right any wrong he has done in the past as nearly as he can."

"And the man you speak of evidently expected to get along without doing that?"

"He actually tried to deny his guilt to me after he had made a profession of repentance."

"I suppose it generally requires some startling method such as that to bring a man's self to his own view?"

"Yes, and if I had been ignorant of the history of his case I could never have dealt with that man."

"What difficulty do you generally find in the road of the man who would like to be a Christian?"

"The greatest and almost only difficulty I see is that they 'don't want to' bad enough. They are not ready to embrace the Christian morals when they are properly presented."

"It has always been said that women are much more spiritually-minded than men. Do you find in your experience that they have a depth of conviction and steadfastness at all in proportion to the ease with which they seem to accept the truth as compared with men?"

"I think the difference between men and women in the religious life is in the intenseness of the woman. When she is good she is better than men; when she is bad she is worse."

"In cases where a worldly man or wicked man is married to a good woman, do you find that she lifts him up or is she herself dragged down?"

"I think in nine cases out of ten she elevates him or, at least, holds him at the point at which she received him. I could not advise any pious young woman to marry a wild young fellow with the hope of reforming him. As a rule it does not turn out well."

"Don't you think the Christian ministry labor under a great many disabilities. For instance; is there not a tendency on the part of their congregations to pauperize their spirit, that is, make their donations too prominently, to take the collection up under their noses, as it were, and altogether make ministers feel too much dependence upon their congregations."

"I confess that it never yet occurred to me in that way. I think that as a rule the salaries are too small and I think that collecting moneys for the minister should be done entirely apart from any effort on his part. The laymen of the church should provide that, and he never should be obliged to speak of it in public or urge liberality, or take any step of that kind, so far as taking up a collection for himself is concerned. In these days the point of that is blunted a good deal by this fact, that it is mixed money that is taken in on a Sunday; it doesn't all go to him. One part of it goes to pay interest on church debt; portions of it go to pay the sexton, the organist, the gas bill and the coal bill; part of it goes into the charitable fund for the relief of the poor and part of it goes to the pastor. The giving is regarded by us as a religious act, and therefore it is very properly done on the Sabbath day and in the church. It is a part of the worship of God."

"Do you find a sensitiveness or delicacy on the part of the ordinary parishioner in matters financial in speaking of his burdens as a supporter of the church? A good many ministers, particularly country preachers, have told me that they are never permitted to forget the fact that they are being supported by the people."

"I must say that I have never been tried seriously in that way, though I have heard others say they have been so tried."

"It is a tendency under which, I imagine, a man would have hard work to retain his spirit?"

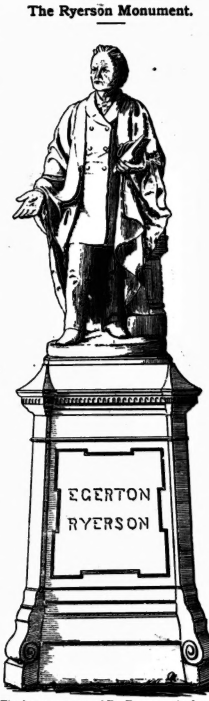
"In the earlier years when I was on country circuits, and when I knew that something would be profitable in this line, I have said to my officials: 'I am here to do the preaching, to take care of the sick, to marry the young people, baptize the children, and bury the dead. It is your part to provide my income. If you get it for me I shall have it, but if you don't get it I shall not have it, for I will not become a collector of my salary.' In every case that has been favorably received, and perhaps in view of what I had said, the men felt more responsible than they would have done. Here I know nothing about this sort of thing. I don't know how much anybody gives to my support, and I never have a second thought about it."

"What is the chief thing which makes sinners sick of sin?"

"Well, a good many people begin in the fear of its consequences. They see sin is likely to betray them in an everlasting calamity, and then they go on from that rather low-down standard, to see that sin is an exceedingly bitter and evil thing, wrong in its very nature, putting them out of harmony with the order of God and covering them with shame in their own eyes. Then they rise from that to see how ungrateful it is that they continue to do wrong when they know it is wrong, and to break the laws of that beneficent Being who gave them life and all temporal good, and loved them so much as to redeem them at a very great price. And so they go on, impelled by fear at first, then to hate and despise sin, and when they hate it enough to quit it, is repentance. Quitting, I say, is repentance."

DON.

The Ryerson Monument.



The bronze statue of Dr. Ryerson, the founder of the public school system of Ontario, has recently arrived from New York, where it was cast, and is now lying at the Education Department buildings. The intention of the committee in charge of it is to unveil it on May 24 next year. The statue and pedestal will together be almost twenty feet in height, and will stand directly in front of the main entrance to the Departmental building. The erection of this monument was first projected in 1882, when an eloquent appeal was made to the public by Dr. Hodgins of the Educational Department, and Dr. Ormiston of New York, on behalf of a general committee composed of the most prominent educationists in the province. A grant of $2,000 was made by the Provincial Government. The balance of the cost was raised by subscriptions. Both statue and pedestal were designed by Mr. Hamilton McCarthy of this city. Our sketch is an approximate representation of the monument as it will appear.

'Varsity Chat.

By courtesy of the Y. M. C. A., the Literary Society will hold its meetings in the association parlors, pending the erection of the promised club house. The accommodation so kindly provided is much better than we are used to.

*

Moss Hall, the old home of the society, was a building which it would be impossible even in epitaph to call magnificent. The accommodation was mostly wooden, that is in the matter of benches, and as for ventilation and acoustic excellence, it hadn't any. At the same time it has not fallen unregretted; it was a rock made verdant by a wealth of tender associations.

*

Not, however, till the approach of elections will its loss be fully felt. When we remember the facilities it affords for that annual "tear," we are inclined once more to say "we shall not look upon its like again." Debates were jolly enough in their way, and sometimes, better than jolly, wicked; but what will longest ring in the ears of those who were there is the exulting cheer of triumphant factions and the hum of party strife. The men who made it live are scattered.

*

Mr. J. A. Sparling, B.A., in his day one of the bravest war-horses of 'Varsity politics, is attending the Training Institute at Strathroy.

*

Mr. H. J. Crawford, B.A., gold medalist in classics for '88, is teaching at Belleville. Probably Association football is not on the curriculum; but if it were, Mr. Crawford could teach the boys a thing or two in that also.

*

Speaking of sports, the latest proposal is to send the 'Varsity Baseball Team on a tour to the prominent American colleges. The time is opportune for the team never was better. We could not hope to defeat all those among whom the game has so long flourished, but we could make a creditable showing, and after all the object of the trip is to encourage the game.

NEMO.

Distinguished Diplomats.

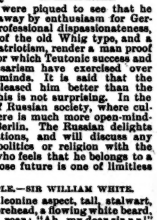
BERLIN—SIR EDWARD MALET.

It was said of Lord Amphthill—but this was an exaggeration—that he was the only diplomatist who could manage Prince Bismarck. No one would say as much of Sir Edward Malet; but neither would anybody assert that Prince Bismarck could manage Sir Edward. The secret of the latter's power lies in his impenetrability. A trim, thin-faced man, of slight build, with dark hair and sparse beard turning grey, he might be taken by any public place for a solicitor or doctor in good practice. He has not the advantage of a commanding stature and figure; and there is nothing striking in his attire; but look at him closely, and his intellect becomes revealed in his clear, square-cut forehead and the depth of his large eyes. As regards the external of his character, everybody proclaims him a *bon camarade*. When he walks out with one of his secretaries he talks with an incessant flow of animal spirits. He is frolicsome as a boy, and has a laugh ringing and cheerful as a spring breeze. But in business he is as unapproachable as an octopus. He might have a dispatch announcing a declaration of war in his pocket and nobody who questioned him about the chances of war would be any the wiser.

SIR EDWARD MALET.

ST. PETERSBURG—SIR ROBERT MORIER.

Sir Robert Morier's strength lies in knowledge. He stands upon his information as upon a hard pavement which he raps with a stick. With considerable vivacity of character, derived perhaps from a French ancestry, he darts rapidly to the knot of a question, guesses intuitively at the motives for human action; and brings the double acumen of an Oxford don and of a German savant to bear upon his analyses. The Germans found that he knew rather too much about themselves, and were piqued to see that he was not carried away by enthusiasm for German ideas. A professional dispassionateness, Liberal opinions of the old Whig type, and a sturdy English patriotism, render a man proof against the glamor which Teutonic success and Bismarckian Cesarism have exercised over certain English minds. It is said that the Russians have pleased him better than the Germans; and this is not surprising. In the highest circles of Russian society, where culture prevails, there is much more open-mindedness than at Berlin. The Russian delights in polite disputations, and will discuss any new theory in politics or religion with the ardor of a man who feels that he belongs to a new country whose future is one of limitless possibilities.



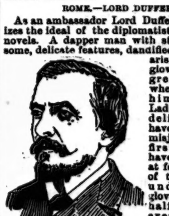
SIR ROBERT MORIER.

CONSTANTINOPLE.—SIR WILLIAM WHITE.

He is a man of leonine aspect, tall, stalwart, with a massive forehead, a flowing white beard, and a voice like a roar: "Ah, my dear sir-r!" these words, ringing like an Irish accent, may be heard through the thickest doors or fifty paces off in a street, while Sir William with exuberant gesticulations is ramming some fact into a hard head, or some indignant remonstrance into a quivering soul. Sir William quotes forgotten protocols readily than most men could cite the dates of their children's birthdays. His mind is an extraordinary storehouse of well-classified facts, and he is continually adding to its contents. He is never for a moment idle. When at Belgrade and Bucharest he used to turn out at early morning, attend mass at the nearest Roman Catholic Church, and then mix with market-folk or other small people, to whom he would speak in their own language. His individuality is so strong that he might be called influence incarnate.

ROME.—LORD DUFFERIN.

As an ambassador Lord Dufferin quite realizes the ideal of the diplomatist as pictured in novels. A dapper man with strikingly handsome, delicate features, dandified in dress and aristocratic to his glove-tips, he is a great charmer when it pleases him so to be. Ladies think him delightful. Men have sometimes misjudged him at first sight, but have soon winced at feeling the grip of the iron hand under his kid glove. A trick of half-closing his eyes, a slightly affected drawl in his voice, a nonchalant demeanor when he enters into conversation of the gravest moment, are puzzling to some men who approach him and fretting to others. Nor does Lord Dufferin ever quite renounce poose, except in those brief moments when, his quick Irish temper being fired by the stupidity of somebody under his orders, he rates the delinquent in set terms. In all great negotiations his calmness and studied urbanity are inimitable; but his nature is impetuous through and through, and let his sensitiveness be touched ever so little, pride flashes from his eyes like lightning. Nevertheless his most scathing retorts are always delivered with a cool, half-amused sarcasm or with a grave scorn.—*Temple Bar.*



LORD DUFFERIN.

A cheerful friend is like a sunny day, which sheds its brightness on all around.

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES.

GUELDA.

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CHAPTER III.

"Where are they gone?" asked Ronald impatiently, as Islay came up.

"Lord Loudon and his servant?" asked his cousin, with a doubting look.

"No! I mean our forest heroine and the boy. I have missed them somehow." The truth was that Guelda, seeing Airlie ahead, had flown like a scared bird into a side woodland path. Yet why she feared, when she wished to meet him, she could not have told, except that the thought of so doing made her heart beat quicker.

However, when the two men reached the cross-roads on the open hill-top, they saw Guelda and the boy already there, and preparing to mount a carrier's rough cart.

A very different vehicle awaited themselves—fashionable, London-built, and with a splendid horse in the shafts in charge of a smart groom.

Airlie hastened forward and lifted Guelda's market-basket into the cart, disregarding her pleased, shy remonstrances. As Islay had already told him what had passed concerning the girl's parentage, he did not wish to startle her by any more inquiries, though inclined to wonder greatly—as did Islay—over the matter.

"What a glorious load of blue-bells!" he only said, with a quiet smile and a deferential courtesy of manner that had such a special charm and was declared by the very greatest ladies to be perfect. "May I ask to what use you can possibly put them? You would not leave them to be neglected, I am sure."

"Oh, no! They are for market; they will be sold early to-morrow, I hope," was the reassured reply, while poor Guelda tried not to blush beneath the gaze of that face which was oh, a thousand times handsomer than even St. Michael's—the handsomest face she could ever have imagined in even her most foolishly-innocent maiden dreams! She little guessed that Airlie, who knew well and admired most of the women of the day, had already told himself with conviction that this forest maiden surpassed them all in his eyes in simple loveliness.

"Are ye ready, children?" broke in Eli Rastrick, the carrier, whose twinkling black eyes were taking in the scene. He was of true British race, with a gypsy complexion and short curling dark hair—a descendant of those brave Silurians who fought the Second Legion of Rome in these very woods two thousand years ago.

"Give me one bluebell, I beg, in remembrance of to-day, if even we never meet again," said Roland, so low that only Guelda heard him, while his hand already sought a flower her fingers caressed. Eli had turned his head, and was urging his horse to move.

Ronald rejoined his cousin with the most innocent air in the world, but the coveted flower was fastened in his coat.

"Lucky as always!" smiled Islay, amused, but half enviously; and they drove off, passing the creaking cart with its load of sacks on which Guelda sat throned.

"Sister," observed Bino, "there was a little crown painted on the carriage. What does that mean?"

"I don't know, dear; I've only seen one on the mail-cart," replied his sister, in a humble voice.

It was late in the evening when these two reached their home. As seen from the road, their dwelling appeared a dilapidated hovel, sliding into ruin. Like most of the cottages in that neighborhood, it had originally been made of "wattland dab," the framework being of wooden posts and cross-beams, filled in with a rude conglomerate of mud and loose stones, once plastered white. But the plaster had peeled away long since, and a gaping hole in the roof exposed to wind and rain what had once been an attic.

A little gate set under a large yew tree led, however, by a curving path formed of a few slabs of slate, to the front of the old cottage. Here, over a small and rickety porch, was trained carefully a sweet clinging honeysuckle, while a great laburnum, called "golden chain" in that country, dropped its yellow rain of blossoms close beside, and a lush of lilac, growing beneath spikes of odorous bloom, scented the air.

Guelda unlocked the door with a big key she had carried all day in her pocket, and wearily entered a little kitchen that, with its garret overhead, had not as yet crumbled into ruin like the back of the house. For almost the first time the girl's eyes looked round dissatisfied. Yet the tiny windows that admitted so little light into the cottage were spotlessly clean, as was the red-tiled floor that so worn into many hollows. Three wooden chairs and a table of old-fashioned make were polished brightly, though frail and rickety from age; a few—very few—kitchen utensils were scoured till they shone; these and some coarse plates and cups comprised nearly all the furniture.

An ancient "grandfather's clock," Guelda's former pride, the arm-chair that had once stood beside the hearth, and various china ornaments of the pastoral kind, such as occupy the place of honor on many a cottage mantelshelf—all had been sold. The sorrowful girl had flung her simple treasures one by one to the wolves to save her little brother from want. She could always have gained enough for herself; but he was so delicate, and a heavy weight, so to speak, round her young neck.

"Let him go to the workhouse," the neighbors sometimes suggested; "then you can keep yourself."

Guelda only shook her head at these good people, but in her heart she passionately rejected the idea. So long as she could earn a crust and a half, Bino should have the whole crust. What—abandon the pretty black-eyed child who clung to her as if she was mother as well as sister—the tender charge solemnly left to her care by that dead mother whom Guelda so religiously, if dimly, remembered? Never, never!

The rough but kindly forest women understood and respected her feeling; yet they too shook their heads. The boy was a poor pining creature, who would never be "anything clever, like his sister," they said to each other. Now she was a likely girl, who could work, and did, although she gave herself the airs of a fine lady; but she was allowing the boy to grow up idle and useless.

Poor Guelda! At times the young mothersister did indeed feel overburdened with her charge, and her golden head would droop, and at nights, when she worked late, while Bino lay happily asleep, and she was darning his socks or mending her own gown, some tears often enough dropped on her work.

But on this night, after her forest ramble, though Bino was over-tired and inclined to quarrel peevishly with his supper—poor child!—and Guelda was even more fatigued than himself, to tell the truth, a certain exaltation of spirit, the after-glow of her courage and adventures that day, still thrilled her veins. The eyes of her helper, "St. Michael," seemed often to smile at her out of the shadowy corners of the cottage—"so handsome, so true and noble a face!" she thought in her heart.

Alas, only three nights later Guelda's mood was sadly changed!

"Sister, I want some bread-and-cheese. Sister, I am hungry! Is there no supper, Guelda?" Bino kept asking a dozen times in childish petulance.

Bright tears rose in Guelda's eyes at last; but she turned her head to hide them from her little brother.

"Come and sit on my lap, dear, and I will tell you a fairy-story," she said, and tried to persuade him to listen.

But Bino would not be pacified, till at last Guelda sadly told him—

"There is no supper at all, dear-none. There don't think about it! Mrs. Rastrick says she will be baking to-morrow morning, and she'll give us some bread nice and hot."

But even this prospect did not restrain Bino from breaking into disappointed cries, which only ended in faint sobs when Guelda at last coaxed him to bed, and then sat long beside the child, holding his hand and hushing him as a nurse might a babe. Tears still lay wet on the little fellow's pale cheeks, and, though he slept, an occasional whimper at times broke his rest.

And now, at last, poor Guelda allowed herself the luxury of crying too. The young healthy girl was also very hungry; her limbs ached with fatigue for she had walked many miles that day in a vain search for work, and neither food nor farthing was in the cottage.

Things had gone wrong; a blunderer had at the farm where she generally worked had been harsh and fault-finding past endurance—probably stirred by jealousy. Guelda's high spirit rose at the wrong. She gave back scorn for scorn, was dismissed, and this was the outcome.

Putting her handkerchief to her face, she rocked herself back and forward gently in an outburst of sorrow; her heart was wrung with her little brother's vain cries to her for food.

"Ah, if only our mother had lived! But she was so delicate—that might even have been worse. Or my father—if he had come back!" thought the girl, with so sore a longing that with this young life clinging to hers for help.

It was quite dark now in the little kitchen. Nevertheless, at the gloom, Guelda was painfully sensible of all its squalor—for she kept thinking that the hard chair she sat on, even the poor bed wherein Bino now lay, might soon be seized to pay their rent.

The slight young figure dimly outlined there, clasping its knees in an attitude of deep dejection, was a sad enough sight. Yet there were no friendly eyes to peep under the drooping leaves that framed the little window; and indeed, had any spied there, it would have been only darkness, for Guelda had no candle. The gleam of Lord Loudon's proffered gold came back before the girl's eyes.

"I might have taken it—it was justly earned—for Bino's sake," she sadly mused, almost regretting her pride.

Darker and darker grew the shadows outside on the garden bushes, the great "golden chain" and the lilacs, and on the meadow beyond, with its big hedgerow oaks. Deeper still fell the darkness and sense of loneliness in this poor, however picturesque, cottage.

"I will go to bed," thought Guelda; so, rising and undoing her coarse old gown, she began letting loose the glory of her hair, that fell around her like a veil.

What was that loud noise of fast wheels approaching? Guelda paused in surprise to listen, for in the hamlet loneliness such a sound was rare. Not Eli! No; and there were more than one horse's hoofs rapidly nearing. It grew ever louder. It was stopping at the cottage gate! Guelda's heart beat faster, with a sudden horror. She had heard tales of a headless hearse that drove at night on the roads and waited at any house where some one was doomed to die.

The gate-latch rose with a click, men's steps echoed on the slate-flagged path, and a knocking came at the door. Hastily putting on her dress again, Guelda asked in trembling tones through the key-hole what was wanted.

"A message for Miss Seaton—does she live here?" was the answer.

"Yes; but it is very late. Who is sending to me?" faltered the girl, in vague terror. Alas, could her fears be true, and these be the dreaded messengers of the law come to seize their little all?

"Lord Loudon has sent us. It is very urgent—pray let me speak with you!" said a voice, in most respectful accents.

Guelda opened the door, holding high a small end of candle she had lit—the last.

An elderly, most respectable, looking man, dressed in black, stood on the threshold. He stepped back slightly, seeming amazed at sight of Guelda, whose offered hand, a strange vision of loveliness there, framed in her golden hair. Recovering himself, the old man hemmed slightly.

"It is a late hour to come, Miss Seaton, certainly. But my master is ill, I am grieved to say—I am his lordship's butler, and have been his confidential servant for many years. Ever since you saved his life the other day, Lord Loudon has thought very much about meeting you so strangely; it is my belief—indeed he told me as much this evening. Now he has made up his mind, and wishes to see you and your brother immediately. He has sent the carriage for you both to-night."

A carriage with a handsome pair of horses flecked with foam waited indeed at the tiny gate, its lamps sending gleams up the path.

"But, oh, sir, what does Lord Loudon want with us? I hardly know him, and my little brother, see, is sleeping!" returned Guelda, bewildered, turning the light on the child lying on his wretched enough, though clean, pallet. Then she added, with a pitiful yearning in her voice, remembering how supperless both were, "Yet, if he really means to do us good—— You have a kind face yourself, sir; tell me, I beg of you, what does this mean?"

"It means, my dear young lady, that Lord Loudon has the best right of all living people to expect your obedience to his wishes, now that your father, poor Mr. Bertrand, is dead!"

"Why—why? What has Lord Loudon to do with our father?"

"Capt. Bertrand Seaton was his second son," said the old man rather solemnly. "Lord Loudon is your grandfather, Miss Seaton!"

CHAPTER IV.

There was a strange confusion in Guelda's mind after the old servant had brought his message. As in a dream, the girl found herself in a luxurious carriage, with Bino beside her, who, after asking reiterated sleepy questions in astonishment while being dressed, had now relapsed into profound childish slumber on the easy cushions. His sister was free therefore to think over it all in peace.

A dream! Yes, surely it was all a dream, a vision of sleep, that wonderful news, the hurried leave-taking at night of the little cottage which, however crazy as to roof and walls, had yet been home, the powdered coachman and beautiful fretting horses, the hand some hamess and liveries, and even this grand carriage in which they were whirled along past well-known landmarks that Guelda could just distinguish still in the darkness! It seemed a dream, but it was actually wonderfully lovely. A thousand questions rose in the girl's mind, yet, knowing so little, she could only sit dazed for an hour and a half, a while longer, leaving the forest roads, she knew they passed through some outlying hamlets and descended into the rich champaign country on the borders of the forest, of Dean. It was too dark to see the landscape, but at last the carriage turned in at a lodge gate and, passing up a drive under the darkness of some giant trees, stopped before the steps of what seemed a stately house.

"Welcome to Sheen Abbey, Miss Seaton!" said the old butler Hillis, as he assisted Guelda to alight.

Brother and sister pass in wonder through a row of servants, at whose powder and plush Bino gazed in open-mouthed admiration, across the narrow marble hall with many pillars and short flights of steps, then through some sitting-rooms that were a revelation of beauty and luxury, and almost overpowered the simple country-bred girl. There were carpets in which one's feet sank deep as in the forest moss—silken-covered sofas and chairs of such dainty hues, of heavenly ethereal blue and pink faint as fading wild roses. Guelda was ashamed to tread there in her clumsy shoes, to pass with her coarse dress by the pictures of fine ladies in sweeping velvets and feathered hats, or dressed in cloud like muslins with broad blue sashes—of noble gentlemen with ribbons and stars upon their coats who gazed down from the walls large as life. How they must wonder at such a rustic or awkward descendants!

In a smaller room an old woman received them, wearing such a nice black silk gown that Guelda at first supposed her to be one of the family.

"This is the housekeeper," Hillis however explained; she was waiting to help Miss Seaton to arrange her dress before seeing his lordship.

"Must I see him to-night?" murmured poor Guelda, bewildered, glancing at a exquisite little clock upheld by Cupids which marked midnight. "I have no other dress; and indeed we are not fit."

There was no help for it however; Lord Loudon's orders were that both brother and sister should be brought to him at once.

So, taking off her battered hat, by the old housekeeper's advice, and smoothing her beautiful hair, with a beating heart the girl prepared for the interview.

"Don't be afraid, Miss Seaton," the old housekeeper said, encouragingly. "Your likeness to your grandmother is wonderful! But Hillis says it quite took him aback when he first saw you."

Hand in hand, Guelda and little Bino presently followed the old butler, the latter only admonishing them to be as quiet as possible when meeting their grandfather, as he was ill, and at all times disliked "excitement." What Hillis meant by this was explained by his adding, in a confidential tone:

"His lordship said to me this evening that I was to tell you your family position towards him—having confidence in me, if I may be allowed to say so, and because he hates scenes. He wished you were: 'Above all, Hillis, I will have no scene.' However, the girl seems sensible—you will forgive my liberty, Miss Seaton, in repeating his words—'or I should never have sent for them.'"

Old Hillis was most anxious, too, for his own part, to see the young girl's lovely face, which had already made a conquest of himself, brightening the loneliness of the beatiful old abbey.

They entered a bedroom now, so handsome and lofty that Bino would have looked about curiously but that, on passing behind a high screen, they confronted Lord Loudon himself. The old man was sitting propped upright with pillows, wearing a black velvet cap on his head and a red flowered dressing-gown. On the table beside him wax candles were burning in tall silver sticks, lighting up his sturdy-marked, pale, and haughty face. Guelda fancied there was a look of almost yearning anxiety on his features as they entered; but she told herself instantly afterwards that she must have been deceived, for Lord Loudon calmly raised a pair of eye glasses, and, without a word, surveyed his grandchildren for some seconds. Little Bino pressed close to his sister's side, his dark eyes staring anxiously from his elf-locks; but Guelda, whose pride was stung by such a reception given to his flesh and blood, drew up her tall slight figure as might a queen, with her head held high, and her brown eyes lighted up with sudden fire.

A slight smile curled the old man's thin lips, though a low sigh escaped him; but he put down his gold rimmed eyeglasses and held out a thin hand, saying approvingly:

"Ah, I see you are proud, child! I like you none the worse for it. If your father had been more so—However, no matter now!"

He made a slight gesture towards old Hillis, who obediently withdrew.

A short silence followed. The old lord sat as one gazing down a long vista of memories, with his eyes fixed on Guelda. This reverie was broken by a whimper which poor Bino could not repress, and which brought the dreadful gaze he shunned full upon himself.

"Humph! It is a pity you cannot make the boy more like yourself—I like you," the grandfather observed to Guelda, in clear cutting tones.

"Who likes me must like him too," said the girl bravely.

Again the old man gave a curious half-sad, half-satirical smile, but went on as if she had not spoken.

"I have sent for you, Guelda Seaton, not so much because you are the last of my race as because your courage pleased me, and because you have a wonderful resemblance to one who was very dear to me and died young—I mean my wife, your grandmother."

As he spoke he raised his eyes to the portrait that hung close by; and Guelda, following his look, started to perceive a beautiful pictured face meeting hers with what seemed precisely the same countenance which she had always seen in her cracked mirror at the cottage—the same glossy golden hair and warm brown eyes, the same bright smile and proud poise of the head—only the pictured Guelda was arrayed in velvet and jewels, the other in merely a coarse darned gown.

Then she heard Lord Loudon's voice continuing—

"Now I have sent for you to ask if you will care to try living with me, a lonely and, as you will find, often irritable old man. If you please me, Sheen Abbey is your natural home; if not, at least in justice I will offer you that education and position which your birth requires."

"I thank you, grandfather," murmured Guelda, feeling almost stunned, adding, however, pleadingly, "but I can only accept your kindness if you mean Bertrand to share it—I cannot part from him."

"Yes; he seems to need you more than a boy of his age should. Very well, I will do as much for him. Perhaps he has more claim on my bounty than you, after all, though you don't seem to know it." said the old man grimly; "but he is no Seaton in face. What ails the child? What are you crying for, eh?"

Little Bino wiped away a tear or two with his fingers.

"I want my supper," he said simply.

Guelda, in apology, hastily explained his hungry and sleepy state. Lord Loudon winced as if sharply struck by the sufferings which he could only guess at—endured by these young creatures. Pressing a silver call-bell for Hillis, he gave orders that a supper should be instantly served in the saloon, and that the housekeeper must see at once that Miss Seaton was provided with all she needed.

"Forgive my thoughtlessness, my dear," he said very feebly to his granddaughter; "I am ill to-night. I wish in the morning that you should both keep your room till my housekeeper has provided you with suitable clothes to appear in before my servants. Now you may go."

(To be Continued.)

Ladies' Restaurants.

It is becoming more popular every year for ladies to lunch at cafes. Thomas' English Chop House is the favorite place in Toronto and is largely patronized by ladies and theatre parties. It is strictly first-class; ladies' entrance, reception and dressing rooms.

Costly Ammunition.

About the year 1793 the English besieged Pondicherry from Goudelour and from the sea. The unfortunate town, so famous for its unwavering attachment to France, defended itself with the energy of despair. It could hope for no assistance from the mother country, which itself was engaged in a life and death struggle with the Triple Alliance.

One fine day they were unable to return the fire of the English. They had powder enough left, but their stock of projectiles had run out. All the iron in the place had been expended on the red-costs; even the railings round the monuments and the vanes and crosses of the churches had been turned into grape-shot.

A council of war was summoned. The governor and the old soldiers composing it wept with rage at the thought of surrender. At this juncture an Indian craved permission to speak to the members of the council. He was admitted, and turned out to be Sandira Poule, the head of the caste of the Vellaja of Pondicherry, the wealthiest man in the colony. He said:

"Gentlemen, when I heard that your ammunition was exhausted, and that you had some thoughts of surrendering, I sent to the rampparts fifty chests of rupees. Don't you think that will make excellent grape-shot?"

These words were hailed with loud applause. The chief of the Vellaja was declared to have deserved well of his country. Every one returned to his post on the ramparts, and the defence was resumed with fresh vigor. For twenty days gold and silver grape-shot was vomited forth against the English. Ten millions of francs were thus blown from the cannon's mouth.

Hotel Somnambulists

"Have you ever had any patrons who were somnambulists?" I asked a hotel-keeper.

"Have I! I had one last week."

"Tell me about it."

"One night as I was about to leave the office," said the Boniface, "I noticed a man coming downstairs with his bag in his hand. He was staring straight ahead, looking at nothing, just like a three-weeks-old baby. I followed him till he reached the outside door, and then caught him by the collar."

"Wha-wha-what's the matter?" he gasped, acting just like a man who has been suddenly awakened.

"'Oh, nothing, said I. 'Where are you going?'

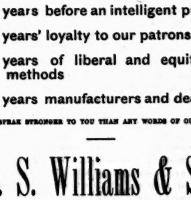
"'Why, am I not in bed?' he exclaimed.

"'Not at this present moment,' I replied.

"'I must have been asleep,' he murmured, looking like a dog that had been caught in the acting of chasing sheep.

"'Maybe you were,' said I, 'but you can bet the amount of your hotel bill that I'm wide awake.' So I brought him back to the cashier's desk and made him settle up. Then the porter and I thoroughly awoke him by kicking him out."

From the above anecdote I infer that somnambulism doesn't pay—at least in a hotel whose proprietor is wide awake.



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A sad smile—Medicine.
The empty truck makes the most noise.
The morrow brings forth many surprises.
The stair creaks when you tread the lightest.
Digging for buried treasure wears out a good spade.
We never upset the inkstand when it is empty.
Expectation has its own way of counting the minutes.
To be prepared for the unexpected is to be a philosopher.
The only thing a woman doesn't like tight is her husband.
We have to go to a great many more disagreeable places than school as we grow up.

Too Polite.

"I can't give you a place on the staff," said the editor: "we never employ inexperienced men."

"How do you know I have had no experience?" asked the applicant.

"Because," returned the editor, "you took your hat off when you came in the office."—*Puck.*

Unable To Grant It.

A story illustrative of red-tapeism in Russia is told by an English correspondent. An operatic singer connected with a Moscow theater, wishing to make a short excursion into the country, went to get her passport counter-signed by the local authorities. The presiding official inquired for her "written petition."

"My written petition!" cried the lady, "I have none; I never knew that anything of the kind was required."

"Not required, madam? On the contrary, nothing can be done without it. Take this sheet of paper and write according to my dictation."

She transcribed word for word a formal petition requesting leave of absence, which was then signed, folded, and sealed.

"And now," quoth the man in office, "you have only to deliver it."

"To whom, pray?"

"To whom!" echoed the official, with a smile at the absurdity of the question; "to me, of course." The document was handed across the table. The great man adjusted his spectacles, broke the seal, gravely read over his own composition, and said: "Madam, I have read your petition, and I regret to tell you that I am unable to grant it."

Saxon Politeness.

In a village of Saxony the mortal remains of Farmer Lehmann were about to be consigned to their last resting-place. The choristers had finished their anthem and the clergyman, standing at the open grave, had commenced his funeral oration, when the choristers fancied they heard something moving in the coffin. One of them gave a pull at the minister's gown, but the latter pushed him off. Another chorister boy tugged at his gown, still the clergyman gave no heed. Then the sexton thought he heard a noise in the coffin, and to avoid disturbing the minister he cautiously stooped down so as not to alarm the congregation, gave the coffin a gentle rap and inquired, "Herr Lehmann, is there anything more we can do for you?"

Calling a Four-Wheeler.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert, coming down from a great reception some time since, stood in the hall waiting for the servant to bring him his coat and hat. As he stood there, a heavy swell, descending, took him for a servant in waiting, and called out to him:

"Call me a four-wheeler."

Mr. Gilbert placed his glass in his eye, and looking blandly at the swell, said, "You are a four-wheeler."

"What do you mean?" said the swell.

Said Mr. Gilbert—"You told me to call you a four-wheeler, and I have done so. I really couldn't call you hansom you know."

They Paid in Advance.

The late Judge W., on a visit to Niagara, when the car was in use on the inclined plane raised and lowered by steam power, went into the starting-house to witness the descent, too timid to go himself. After the car started, fully impressed with the danger, he turned to the man in charge and said, "Suppose, sir, the rope should break?"

The man, with a serious countenance, and a single eye to business, replied, "Oh, that would be all right—they all paid before they went!"

A Chronic Sufferer.

Seedy individual—Madam, can't you give something to a yellow fever sufferer?

Woman—Ain't you the same man that called here a few months ago and got twenty-five cents to help a blizzard sufferer?

Seedy individual—Yes, ma'am. I don't do nuthin' but suffer from one year's end to the other.

All She Had.

Alphonse—I am a poor man, Miss De Pink, but I am industrious, honest and ambitious, and if you—you would—Oh! Miss De Pink—Alice—

Miss De Pink—Certainly! I haven't much to give, but you are welcome. Here's a shilling!

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON.

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XVII.—CONTINUED.

Time had touched both Mr. and Mrs. Earlescourt very lightly. Emelie seemed scarcely a day older than when she came to England with her devoted husband. Her form was perhaps a trifle rounder, there was a little more of maternal dignity in her manner, a little graver sweetness in the lines of her perfect face. But there was scarce a thread of silver in her rich brown hair; her eye was as clear and bright as on that morning when she gave her hand to the royal man whom she loved with her whole heart; her laugh was as cherry, her step as light as when we first saw her.

Two boys had been born to her—two noble boys, too—one the image of his father, the other leaning more of the impress of his mother's refined features, and a happier family could not be found in all England.

Marie, however, was the idol of them all. Mr. and Mrs. Earlescourt were bound up in her; the boys worshipped her, and well they might, for she was ever ready to sacrifice her own pleasure to their enjoyment.

All this, however, had been brought about by much labor and trial, for the little waif whom William Earlescourt and Emelie Graham had rescued from the Chicago flames was at that time a wild, untamed child. She was willful and disobedient, selfish and tyrannical, showing that she had been allowed to have her own way and rule those about her. But Emelie Graham had governed her more wisely. She had first subdued the passionate and rebellious spirit, and then won the child's idolatry by her sweetness and love, and in this work, after their marriage, Mr. Earlescourt had been her help. They were a remarkable couple, both in social and private life, and their family was regarded as a model household.

The Stewarts and Earlescourts, together with the family of Sir Henry Harwood, whose estate joined the duke's on the right, made a gay company, and almost every day was devoted to some excursion or amusement, in which they all participated.

Mrs. Harwood had two nieces with her, whom she delighted to entertain, and she instituted a round of pleasure for them and her son by sending out "at home" cards for every Tuesday evening.

Belle and Hazel were not permitted to attend the first of these, although they had been included in Mrs. Harwood's invitation.

Mrs. Stewart was averse to allowing her younger daughter to go much into company, since it would be three years yet before she would make her regular debut. Besides Helena objected.

"Belle was such a holden," she said, "that it annoyed her to have her go where she was invited."

But at Mrs. Harwood's first reception that lady inquired so kindly for the absent girl, and expressed so much disappointment at her remaining away that Mrs. Stewart relented, and regretted that she had not allowed Belle to come.

And when her hostess learned that Hazel had also been detained, simply because of her position, she heartily said that she should be very glad to have Miss Gay also make one of their number, and Mrs. Stewart promised not to refuse either of them the pleasure again.

When Belle was informed of this she was nearly wild with excitement.

"Hazel, dear," she cried, dancing into their sitting room, and giving her a sensitive hug, "we will have a gay time now; mamma has left the bars down for her young colt, and I promise you she will make the most of her opportunities."

"Belle, my dear girl, don't make such odious comparisons," Hazel urged, with a shocked expression, yet laughed in spite of her reproof, for Belle was prancing about in a very coltish manner, and manifesting her delight with more of vigor than dignity.

"Well, you know that I am a sort of untamed creature, but with you along to hold the curb, perhaps I shall not be so very vicious," she returned.

"With me along!" said Hazel, looking up, surprised. "I am not going."

"Oh, indeed you are! I should not go one step without you. Besides, you are particularly invited, and Mrs. Harwood hopes that you will be willing to contribute a little music to her entertainment."

"I would gladly oblige Mrs. Harwood, but, truly, Belle, I should feel out of place among such gay people, and besides——"

"Well, besides what, you modest witch?" demanded her incorrigible pupil.

"The wardrobe of a governess is not supposed to be very extensive," replied Hazel, smiling, but coloring, "and I should make a very poor appearance among the gay butterflies that will flit about Mrs. Harwood's elegant parlors."

"Nonsense, Hazel! You always look lovely. Your graduating dress was pretty, and nice enough for any place; besides, you have that India lawn, dotted with forget-me-nots—you are just captivating in that; then, too, you have your white mull. Of course you will go; you could not be so cruel as to deprive me of so much pleasure, and I shall not stir without you. Your young girl artfully concluded, knowing full well that this last argument would win her point.

It did; and Hazel went with her when Tuesday evening came around again; and very charming she was, too, in her spotless mull, with only a broad, rich sash and a few flowers for ornament.

Mrs. Harwood was instantly attracted toward her, and, gracious lady that she was, told her that she was glad to see her in a hearty way that left no room for doubt upon the point.

Later, she saw her sitting by herself in a corner, and going to her, she asked why she did not join the dancers.

Hazel told her that she was a stranger to almost every one, and, besides, she feared that Mrs. Stewart would not approve.

Mrs. Harwood went directly to that lady and asked her permission to introduce Hazel, and allow her to mingle freely with the company.

"These little socials are to be very informal," she urged. "I have introduced them just for the sake of giving our young people a good time, now and then, and I like to see every one happy."

Mrs. Stewart gave her permission, although she feared that she had made a mistake, a little later, when she saw Hazel the centre of an admiring coterie of gentlemen, who were eagerly soliciting the pleasure of dancing with her. Lord Nelson and Charles Harwood being foremost among them; while Hazel, with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, was entertaining them with a grace such as an accomplished belle might envy.

When Mrs. Harwood told her that she had Mrs. Stewart's permission to mingle freely with the company, she gave herself up to the enjoyment of the occasion with all her heart, just as she did everything, and before she knew it she forgot that she was among the aristocracy of the land; she remembered nothing save that everybody was delightful, that she was young and happy, and the world very beautiful.

Madame Hawley had been in the habit of giving weekly receptions to her pupils, and Hazel had therefore acquired an ease and self-possession in company which rendered her manner and bearing above criticism.

She was not allowed to sit out a set as after Mrs. Harwood introduced her she had more applicants for her hand than she could accept, while her partners found her irresistible; she was merry, witty, fascinating, and yet without a suspicion of rudeness in her manner.

"She is the brightest little witch I've seen this many a day," Sir Henry observed to his wife, as he watched her flitting in and out among the dancers—noted her graceful movements, heard her rippling laugh, and marked the quick repartee and jest which kept those about her in a state of delight and admiration.

"Hazel, you are the belle of the evening; everybody is in love with you, and Helena is decidedly unappreciated. Look out for thunder-heads to-morrow morning," frowned Belle, as she came in contact with Hazel during one of the changes of a figure.

"Oh, Belle, I hope not," Hazel replied, looking greatly distressed for a moment.

She glanced over to where Helena was standing, and met her eye. There was a peculiar glitter in it, and there was an expression on her face that made her quail for an instant. But it was only for a moment, for as Helena caught Hazel's glance she smiled and nodded pleasantly, as much as to say that she was glad she was enjoying herself, and she felt sure that Belle was mistaken about her sister having any unpleasant feeling.

She never felt comfortable, however, when in the presence of this brilliant belle. She had shrunk from her at their first meeting, for there was something about her which made her feel that Helena could be very cruel in spite of her apparent sweetness, the charm of which almost every one acknowledged.

If Hazel captured the young people during the early portion of the evening, she as surely won the hearts of the older guests, when, at Mrs. Harwood's request, she gave them some music.

She first played a brilliant selection, which she executed, from memory, and then sang a simple ballad with so much expression and pathos that her hearers were enraptured.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HELENA SHOWS HER COLORS.

"Who is she?" Mrs. Earlescourt asked of Mrs. Stewart, by whom she was sitting, and with whom she had been socially chatting during the last half hour.

"She is a Miss Gay, a member of my family," Mrs. Stewart replied.

"Indeed! you must be very proud of her, for she is exceedingly gifted. Is she a relative?"

"No; she is simply the companion and governess of my youngest daughter."

"She seems very young for such a position," remarked Mrs. Earlescourt, as she studied the fair young face opposite her.

"She is young, but she seems wonderfully fitted for it. She is just fresh from school, and, according to my judgment, all the better qualified to teach on that account."

"She seems very much of a lady. Is she obliged to teach? Has she no home nor parents?"

"No; she is an orphan."

"Poor child!" said Mrs. Earlescourt, tears starting to her eyes; "how proud of her her father and mother would have been if they could have lived until now."

Presently she excused herself, and watching her opportunity, when Hazel was at liberty, she went to her and remarked, in her gracious way.

"You have given us a rare treat this evening, Miss Gay. I have enjoyed your music more than I can express. You must excuse me for addressing you without the formality of an introduction," she continued. "I am Mrs. Earlescourt, and I feel very much at home in the house of my friend, Mrs. Harwood. I hope you do not mind the lack of ceremony."

"Not at all, madam," Hazel replied, her heart going out instantly toward this lovely woman; "and," she added, simply, "I am very glad that you enjoyed my music."

She knew that she played well, but she was not vain of her gift, and it always made her happy to contribute in this way to the pleasure of others.

"Who was your instructor, Miss Gay?" Mrs. Earlescourt added.

"He was a German—Herr Heinrich of London," Hazel replied.

"Ah, yes, I have heard of him. He is said to be very rigid, I believe."

"Yes, he is strict—he has the reputation with some of being very cross," the young girl answered smiling "but I never found him so, although he was not tolerant of bad playing. I consider him a conscientious and superior teacher."

"As soon as we can find a house to suit us we shall begin to receive—will you come and play for my guests occasionally?" Mrs. Earlescourt asked with a winning smile.

"With Mrs. Stewart's permission I shall be very happy to do so," Hazel replied, adding frankly, "My time belongs exclusively to her, as I am simply a governess in her family."

"You are very young to teach," her companion remarked, studying the girl's sweet face; "do you enjoy it?"

"I have, thus far, although I have had but very little experience—I came to Mrs. Stewart directly after graduating only a couple of weeks ago."

"Do you think you will like to follow this kind of life always?"

Hazel sighed softly at this question, and glanced about her.

More than once during that eventful evening, even in the midst of her enjoyment, there had come into her heart a wish that she was the cherished daughter of fond parents, and could enjoy, unrestrained, the delights of social life—at least for a while. But Hazel's nature was not a jealous one.

"It has been very pleasant, thus far," she said, quietly, "but even if it had not been, one cannot always choose what one likes best."

"But you enjoy this?" and Mrs. Earlescourt's glance wandered for a moment over the brilliant company, and then came back to the lovely face beside her.

"Oh, yes, this is delightful," Hazel returned, with gleaming eyes. "Still, it might not be the best kind of a life for me."

"Why not?"

"It might make me selfish and worldly if I were to give myself up wholly to it. I do not believe that a fashionable life is the noblest life to lead. I have my own living to earn, and I am not sure that I ought to indulge much in social pleasures—they might make me discontented with my lot."

"It is very sweet of you to accept your condition so patiently and cheerfully," Mrs. Earlescourt said, gently, while she laid her hand almost affectionately upon Hazel's arm. "I wonder," she continued, "if you have met my daughter this evening."

"I do not remember having been introduced to Miss Earlescourt," Hazel replied.

"Come, then, and let me make you acquainted; I would like Marie to know you."

The gracious lady linked her arm within that of her young companion, and, leading her across the room, introduced her to Marie and then to her husband, who was standing beside her.

Hazel and Marie become friends immediately, and chatted freely together, until Lord Nelson Hartwell came to claim the former for a quadrille that had been promised him earlier in the evening.

He had not met Hazel until introduced to her there by Belle, but the moment his eye met hers, the moment his hand touched hers, he knew that Helena Stewart could never be his wife; he believed that he should love this beautiful, refined girl as he could love only once in his life.

When their quadrille was ended he enticed Hazel out upon the veranda to see the moon rise, he said, but really that he might secure her to himself for a few moment's quiet chat.

Hazel did not wonder that Belle had spoken in high praise of the young lord, for she found him a truly delightful companion, and, next to Percy, he came up to her ideal of a noble man.

"Miss Gay," Lord Nelson said, as they stood watching the full, glorious moon rising apparently out of the shimmering sea, "we are making up a party to go to-morrow to Purgatory—a beautiful spot about five miles distant, but wretchedly mismamed. I wonder if you could be persuaded to make one of our number."

"I think not, your lordship," Hazel answered. "I am engaged with Miss Stewart from nine until two, and we do not allow anything to interfere with our study hours."

"You are very conscientious," returned Lord Nelson, smiling; "but if I could induce Mrs. Stewart to excuse Miss Belle for the day would you go?"

"Thank you, but I think not," Hazel repeated decidedly. "Belle is beginning to be really interested, and is doing good work. I should prefer that there be no interruption just at present."

"Just for once, Miss Gay; it could not matter," pleaded the young lord.

Hazel glanced up archly at him, while a laugh of amusement rippled over her red lips.

"If I am not misinformed, it was by your advice that a governess was engaged for Belle, and you are the last person I should suppose would tempt me from my duty to your little friend. No, Lord Hartwell, I cannot go," she said, in a tone from which there was no appeal.

"I stand condemned," the young man returned, "and I honor you for your firmness, Miss Gay. But I really wish both you and Belle to visit this charming spot and there may be no other opportunity. Would you go after your study hours are over, if it could be arranged?"

"With Mrs. Stewart's permission, yes, and thank you for your kind thoughtfulness," Hazel responded, with heightened color.

His face lighted, as she hesitated his lips as he noticed it. This fair girl's beauty and sweetness were fast making a slave of him.

"Mrs. Stewart shall be interviewed this very evening," he said. "Now come in and give me this waltz that the orchestra has just struck up, and I shall be amply repaid for my thoughtfulness."

"But, Lord Hartwell, I have just danced with you," Hazel objected, not because she did not enjoy him as a partner, but fearing she would make herself conspicuous by monopolizing so much of his time and society.

"Never mind; I want this waltz with you, and then I promise not to ask you again—this evening," he persuaded.

Hazel laughed merrily.

"I am afraid I shall be paying you a doubtful compliment, if I grant your request upon such a condition; however, since you made it yourself you will have no one else to blame," she retorted.

"You are fond of dancing, are you not, Miss Gay?" he asked, as he gave her his arm to conduct her within.

"Yes, indeed, when I have a good partner."

"Am—am I an agreeable partner, Miss Gay?" he inquired, bending eagerly toward her.

Hazel darted a quick, bright look at him.

"I suspect that you are begging a compliment now," she said roguishly, but coloring beneath his glance.

"Never mind; tell me, please."

"I never had a better," she confessed, lightly.

"Thank you," the young lord returned, with a twinkle in his eye. "I shall remember that in the future when I request the pleasure of your hand, and remind you of it."

Hazel told herself that all this was only jest—only the pleasant chat of the moment that really meant nothing. Nevertheless it was very pleasant to be sought out by him, to feel that he enjoyed her society, to listen to his cultured conversation. Something in his low tone and his touch kept a lovely color in her cheeks, and now, as she whirled over the polished floor upon his arm to the delicious rhythm of the music, she forgot everything but the enjoyment of the moment, while many who observed her thought her the loveliest creature in the room.

"Look at her, mother!" whispered Helena Stewart, as her eyes followed those two figures keeping so perfectly. "She has danced three times with Lord Nelson—twice in succession. Your governess bids fair to become the belle of the season."

Helena's lips were wreathed with smiles, while, apparently, her eyes were following the dancers with delight. Anyone beholding her would have thought that she was simply giving herself up to the enjoyment of the gay scene before her. Mrs. Stewart alone caught the venom in her tone, the intent fire in her eye, and knew what envy and jealousy were rankling in her selfish heart—Knew that she never forgave anyone for outshining her or taking the precedence in circles where she was accustomed to shine.

"Never mind, Helena," her mother replied, good naturedly; "Lord Nelson is always trying to make people enjoy themselves; probably he thought she was being neglected, and asked her out of pure kindness."

"Neglected!" repeated Helena, with a laugh, which, to uncritical ears, was sweetness itself, "there isn't a young man in the room who has not tried to secure her for a partner. Directly after, mamma, I think the school-room will be the proper place for your governess."

"But, Helena, I cannot be disobliging; if my friends ask for her music, how can I refuse?" queried Mrs. Stewart, looking worried.

"Oh! if you choose to keep a governess for the community at large, I suppose there is no law to prevent it. Thanks, Mr. Harwood, I shall be happy to polka with you; I am quite rested, and have been enjoying watching the dancers immensely;" and the beautiful belle sailed away on the arm of Charles Harwood, first giving her mother a fond smile, and look, as if she was loth to leave her and had been saying the sweetest things to her, instead of plugging barbed arrows into her bosom.

When Lord Nelson secured permission for Belle and Hazel to join the pleasant party the next morning, Mrs. Stewart said "No," decidedly, adding that "study was the law until two o'clock."

The young man bowed acquiescence, but did not yield his point, and, early the next day, presented himself in the Stewarts' parlors, with a request from his grandmother that the young girls might be allowed to accompany her to "Purgatory" in the afternoon. She did not feel able, she said, to spend the entire day with the party, but would drive over after lunch, if she could have some one to accompany her, otherwise she would not go at all. She would call for the young girls at quarter past two, if Mrs. Stewart made no objection to the plan.

That lady saw no reason why she should refuse, only she would have preferred that Hazel had not been included in the invitation. She knew that Helena would not like it, and she did not wish to vex her.

Still, Lord Nelson was to escort her, and, with the duchess to act as chaperone to the girls, she could not see how any harm would result from the arrangement, so she gave her consent.

Belle and Hazel were delighted with the prospect of joining the excursionists, only the latter made it a condition that all lessons should be faithfully prepared and the practice honestly done.

"Mamma has said that I can go, and I suppose I shall, even if I have not my lessons as well as usual," Bella pouted, in a momentary fit of impatience at this condition.

Hazel shot a pained look at her.

"Yes, I suppose you can go without regard to the thoroughness of your work," she answered, quietly.

"Is that supposed to be a threat that you will stay home if I do not get my lessons?" Belle demanded, with a defiant toss of her head.

The late hours of the previous evening had not improved her naturally quick temper, although this was the first time that her will had really clashed with Hazel's.

"I do not wish to threaten at all, dear," Hazel said, with gentle patience, "but, truly, I shall not take the countenancing any pleasure that cannot be enjoyed with a clear conscience."

"Just as though my sins had anything to do with your conscience," retorted Belle, coloring with mingled shame and anger.

"Still I must not condone them. I cannot share any pleasure with you, Belle, unless I can show a good record to Mrs. Stewart," Hazel returned, without the least trace of annoyance, but with a firmness which plainly indicated that her decision was inalterable.

Belle was on her knees beside her in a moment, her arms twined about her waist, her repentant face lifted appealingly to her friend.

"You dear, Hazel-eyed darling," she cried. "I shouldn't take a moment's comfort without you, and I will be so good that you will not know me. You shall be proud of your pupil to-day if you never are again."

And the warm-hearted, impulsive girl kept her word.

(To be Continued.)

Lines Found in a Hymn Book.

I suppose it is not conducive to a proper religious frame of mind, but when I find myself in a strange church, in a strange pew, I invariably look at the blank leaves of the hymn book—or, rather, at the leaves which were blank when the book came from the binder, for they are usually covered with little messages by the time I inspect them.

These messages are written by immature persons whose idea of the sacrilege of churches will permit them to write, but not to whisper.

I found the following assortment in a hymn book in pew number —, in the Church of the Offertory, last Sunday:

"I forgot to invite Janet to the picnic. Wasn't it disgraceful?"

"Look at the fright of a bonnet."

"Do you hear that man sneeze?"

"It is n't a man. It's a little child."

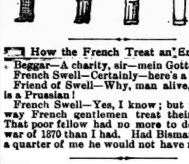
"Does that rip in my back breadth show?"

"That's a lovely hat you've got."

"Ought to be. Cost $11.68."

Beside these, there were some I could not read. They had been partly rubbed out.

Evolution of the Cigarette.



How the French Treat an Enemy.

Beggar—A charity, sir—mein Gott, charity.

French Swell—Certainly—here's a quarter.

French Swell—Why, man alive, that man is a Prussian!

French Swell—Yes, I know; but that is the way French gentlemen treat their enemies. That poor fellow had no more to do with the war of 1870 than I had. Had Bismarck begged a quarter of me he would not have received it.

A Faithful Retainer.

Mrs. St. Jones—What is it this time, Edwards?

Edwards—Mrs. Kerr-Bristow's card, ma'am.

Mrs. St. Jones—Did she leave any message?

Edwards—Yes, ma'am; she said as how she was always finding you out.

Mrs. St. Jones—I hope you replied gracefully, Edwards!

Edwards—Yes, ma'am; I said as how I wasn't aware that you'd done anything to be ashamed of, ma'am.

After Service.

Mr. Heald—I done med a mistake, 'n put a button like dis (pointing to) on d' plate dis mawnin'. Kin 'r gittim back?

Rev. Mr. Holder—What's yo' boardin' now, Mistah Heald?

Mr. Heald—Down t' d' Soggeres house.

Mr. Holder—I reck'n I'll keep dat liddy button fer d' chu'ch. Dey ain't nebber less 'n twainty-farve cends ante down 't Soggeres. De chu'ch will redeem dat button, Mr. Heald.

A High Compliment.

Blind Girl (introduced to Adonis Bacon)—Allow me to pass my hands over your face! We blind people can tell how a person looks in that way.

Adonis Bacon—With pleasure, miss.

Blind Girl (passes her hands over Adonis)—Why, sir! you are the handsomest man I never saw!

A Sweeping Criticism.

"How do you like Pennywynkle's new novel?"

"Intolerably long. He should have drawn it to a conclusion before he began that description of Vanity Fair on the opening page."

"Why, he opened his first chapter with that."

"I know it," was the soft response.

"Only Men of Brains."

Field (in a restaurant)—Brillat-Savarini said: "Animals feed; men eat; but only men of brains know how to eat!"

Bacon—Indeed!

Waiter—What will you have, sir?

Field—Give me some tripe and onions, buckwheat cakes and a bottle of lager.

A Difference.

German—I'm glad to see that you speak my beautiful language.

Frenchman—You are mistaken, I speak your beastly language beautifully.

The Shrewd Profession.

Old Smith (to weeping beggar boy)—What are you crying for, little boy?

Little Boy—Crying, sir, 'cause I wor afraid that you, az a noice binevolint old jintlemun, would pass me without giving me a cent.

(Gets ten.)

There Already.

"Those Thompsons are a bad lot. Three out of the four ought to be in the penitentiary."

"What of the fourth?"

"He's there already."

Besides, They Never Grow Weary.

Angelina—What are you going to have on your fall hat?

Emeline—White wings.

Angelina—White wings! What for?

Emeline—Because I can get them for a song.

Not Much Strength Required.

Lady—Hammocks, please.

Dealer—Yes'm; something strong enough for two?

Lady—No; strong enough for one. I've been married three months.

Trifles make perfection, and perfection is no trifle.

DIAMOND RINGS

Newest Designs and Best Stones at Bottom Prices

RYRIE BROTHERS

113 Yonge Street

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank.

Just opened (up stairs) the Handsomest Dining Room in the City for Ladies and Gentlemen.

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor as usual.

P. MOSSOP, Proprietor.

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THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 679.

MONS. TRANCLE-ARMAND

Ladies' Fashionable Hair-dresser and Perfumer, of Paris (France), 407 Yonge Street, 407, Toronto, desires to inform the ladies of this city that through his many years' experience in the principal cities and houses of Paris, as Ladies' Hair-dresser and Perfumer, ex-Professor of the School of Art in Hair-dressing of Paris and London, is able to give perfect satisfaction in Hair-dressing for Balls, Soirees, Theaters, Weddings, etc. Powdered and Historical Hair-dressing. Ladies' Hair-cutting, Singeing and Shampooing Department. Ladies waited upon at their own residence. All styles of Hair Dress: Fringes, Waves, Switches, Wigs, on hand or made to order on shortest notice, best quality and best finish guaranteed.

ARMAND'S HAIR STORE,

407 Yonge St., close to Y. M. C. A. Building, Toronto.

LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH

For removing Tan, Freckles, Blemishes, and imparting Beauty and Freshness to the Complexion, Clearness, Softness and Smoothness to the Skin.

Fifth Avenue Hotel, New York, 1874.

Mr. Geo. W. Laird: I have received and used, with great pleasure and satisfaction, your "BLOOM OF YOUTH," and find it superior to any Cosmetic or Toilet Preparation in Europe. It imparts to the complexion beauty and brilliancy. Wish many thanks.

Yours, with great esteem,

SIGNORA RISTORI.

The "BLOOM OF YOUTH" has been in use nearly twenty years, and has been used by over a million of ladies, including the opera singers, actresses and professional ladies generally, and always given the utmost satisfaction. The proprietor could publish a book of testimonials, but secrecy forbids.

This delightful preparation has been chemically analyzed by the *Board of Health*, and declared harmless and in no way injurious to the skin or health.

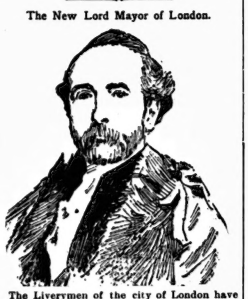
For Sale by all Druggists Price 50 cents per Bottle

Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Writing of a visit to the home of the poet Swinburne, Louise Chandler Moulton, says: "It seemed to me that the poet had really grown younger in the ten years since I had seen him before. He looked so full of life and vigor, such light was in his eyes, such warmth in his smile, that one felt Time had nothing to do with him, and he might go on living and working for ever. He is a lithe, slight, energetic looking man, with auburn hair and beard, and a fine forehead above those brilliant expressive eyes. He has charmingly gracious and cordial manners, and Mr. Watts tells me he is the very happiest man he knows, because his interests are so keen, his projects for work so numerous, that time is never half long enough for him."

She describes his library as "a marvellous collection of first editions and of rare volumes, some of which are not to be found even in the British Mustum, or the Bodleian library at Oxford. I wish I could recall correctly the long, quaint explanatory title of one book which he showed me—one of the very earliest illustrated books ever printed. It professed to depict and describe certain creatures well known to men—veritable creatures of history. The descriptions were in the most delicious rhyme, more amusing than you can possibly imagine. Sirens, mermaids, mermen, serpents with human faces (wise serpents, such as tempted our far-away grandmother in Eden), camels, apes—heaven knows what not—and the veritable history and characteristics of each creature were set forth in these enchanting rhymes. 'Fancy,' said Mr. Swinburne, 'fancy the children who grew up to be my ancestors looking over this very book—clamoring to see it—300 or 400 years ago. Alas! they tore it here and there.'"

The New Lord Mayor of London.



The Liverymen of the city of London have chosen Alderman Whitehead to be Lord Mayor for the ensuing year. Mr. James Whitehead was born at Appleby in 1834, and educated at the Appleby Grammar School. He is largely engaged in the Bradford trade. He is, in politics, an advanced Liberal, and he has twice unsuccessfully contested a division of the county of Westmoreland against the Hon. William Lowther, M.P., being defeated on the first occasion by 10 votes and on the last by 186 votes. He is now the chosen candidate for the constituency at the next election. He was elected Alderman of Cheap Ward without opposition on the 8th of November, 1882, on the death of Alderman Breffit, and he served the office of Sheriff of London and Middlesex with Mr. Alderman Faudel-Phillips in 1884-5.

A Car Driver's Story.

Riding on the front platform of a cross-town car the other evening, our attention was attracted to the sudden, and so far as we could see, uncalled for checking up of the car. No one left the car nor was there anything ahead to impede our progress.

Naturally we glanced at the driver inquisitively, who, as he turned his weather-beaten face towards us, answered our inquiring look with, "I always see the flutter of that little white dress here on my trip."

And then he told us, his lips quivering and his voice broken as he spoke, how just at the place where he had put on the brake, he had once run over a child, a little girl clad in white.

"She looked like my Nelly, sir," he said with a half sob, "and when they told me that the little one had murmured just before she died, 'The bad man run'd over me, papa,' it nearly broke my heart.

"They found that I wasn't to blame at all, the child had run from the sidewalk right under the wheels, and before I could check up they passed over the poor little body. Ever since then on this trip I fancy I can see the little white frock on the track; my heart comes right up into my throat and I try to stop the car just as I did on that sad night."

"And you cannot overcome this strange fancy?" we asked.

"No. I've tried to reason myself out of it, but it's no use, and I suppose I shall always have the same feeling as long as I drive a street car on this line."

"Can you not be transferred to another line?"

"Well, yes, I could, but I'd rather not be. It would seem cowardly for me to desert the route on that account, and somehow I am a better man, for the remembrance, sad as it is. No, I'll stay where I am."

Not That Kind.

They were holding an auction of smuggled goods at the custom house yesterday, and the auctioneer was crying for bids on a shawl worth a couple of dollars, when a woman on the outskirts of the crowd called out:

"I bid four dollars!"

"Third and last call and gone!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "Come and get it, madam."

She pushed her way in, saw what it was, and backed out with the remark:

"That's no silk dress."

"Nobody said it was, madam."

"But that's what I came for. They told me that silk dresses were going for four dollars apiece, and I like to have killed myself running to get here. Four dollars for a shawl!"

"How much will you bid?"

"Thirty cents, sir, and not a penny more!"

"Stand back, please."

'Oh, yes! Because I won't go about with my feet on the ground and a four dollar shawl on my back, it's stand back, if you please! I'll stand back, sir, but I'm not that kind of a woman. I believe in consistency."

"But you wanted a silk dress," suggested one of the crowd.

"And wasn't I going to mortgage the house and lot to buy the bonnet to go with it!" she retorted.

Got Even With the Judge.

"What am I here for?" asked a man who was brought into the dock at the police court. "Oh, why was I ever born?"

"Do you take this court for a conundrum bureau?" asked the judge, severely.

"But what have I been doing? Why am I arrested? I am a poor, hard-working man, and I never broke the law in my life."

"Well, then, what are you here for?" asked the judge.

"Chestnut!" shouted the prisoner, excitedly, and got himself sent up for sixty days.

A Good Bargain.

"Just to think av it!" said Mrs. O'Hoolihan, dolefully. "Just to think av it. That blaguard Tim Rafferty has been and got drunk agin, and got hissef to jail. What do you think of a man to sell his character loike that fur the sake ov licker."

"Phwat do ol think av it?"

"Yis, phwat do you?"

"Ol think that in Tim Rafferty's case that he got his licker moighty chape, so he did."

When we have done our best we should wait the result in peace.

Equal to the Emergency.

Host (referring to his new mirror:—How do you like it? Beasly shame, I say. How d'you s'pose those two fel's happened t' get so full? Nev' min'. Leave 'em t' me. Big fel' 's the worse. I'll get little chap t' help me car' him upstairs—*Puck.*

Correct Styles.

It is the duty that a man owes to society to dress like a gentleman. This fact being universally conceded, as it incontestably is in polite society, the problem for the neophyte entering within the gates of the social world is: How does a gentleman dress? One cannot, in seeking the solution of this knotty problem, enter a clothier's shop and complacently settle the question by pointing to a roll of cloth in the window, exclaiming: "I want some of that.' There must be method in this desire, and intelligence as well, to dress correctly. Richness of materials, or costliness in their price, have little or nothing to do with the taste and style of a gentleman's dress. Take the ball-room for instance. For this and all other state occasions, weddings, etc., occurring in the evening, a full dress suit is indispensible. In the present season it may be noted, a radical change has been made in the style and material used in making up dress suits. The material used by leading tailors is finer than that made up for street or afternoon wear, but it is substantially the same thing. It fits the form neatly and is woven expressly for dress wear. This goods is imported direct from the London manufacturers, as well as white and colored satin dress vests, for evening wear, by the fashionable west end tailor, HENRY A. TAYLOR, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

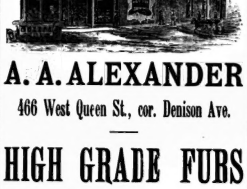
PROVISION DEPARTMENT

In addition to goods advertised last week: this department, we keep a full size lot of the following always on hand: Finest Brands of Pastry Flour, Graham Flour, Cracked Wheat, Wheatlets, Rolled Oats, Fine and Coarse Oatmeal, Gold Dust, White Beans, Split Peas. Also full line of C. R. C. Breakfast Cereals, such as White Wheat, White Oats, Crushed Barley, Hominy, &c., &c.

Come Direct to Us for Your Provisions

GEO. W. SHAVER

Telephone 1850. 244 Yonge and 2 Louisa sts.



A. A. ALEXANDER

466 West Queen St., cor. Denison Ave.

HIGH GRADE FURS

Ladies' Fur Garments, Newmarkets, Mantles, Dolmanettes and Short Jackets, in South Sea Seal, Otter, Beaver, Persian Lamb, Mink, &c., Bear, Lynx, Opossum, Sable and Fox Boas and Muffs.

Exclusive right for the West End to sell the Queen's Own Cap, which we have in stock in South Sea Seal, Otter, Beaver, Persian Lamb and Astracan.

Call and Inspect Our Fur Show Rooms

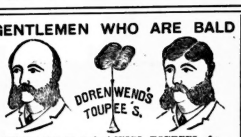
466 QUEEN STREET, COR. DENISON AVE

XMAS 1888

RUSSELL'S XMAS SALES AT 0 King Street West have commenced, and will continue to the end of the year without abatement. Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Cutlery, &c., &c., in great variety and at your own price.

DRESSMAKERS' NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF SQUARE MEASUREMENT, (late Prof. Moody's). Suits direct without paper or patterns. J. & A. CAMPBELL, Practical Dressmakers and Milliners, 372 Yonge street, Toronto. Agents wanted.

GENTLEMEN WHO ARE BALD



Will find that our stock of WIGS, TOUPEES, &c. Is the finest in Canada. When placed on the head the closest observer cant ot detect these pieces from the natural hair. They give protection to the head and add to the personal appearance. Come and see them at Dorenwend's Paris Hair Works, 103 and 105 Yonge Street.

LADIES DISFIGURED

With a Growth of

Superfluous Hair, Moles, &c.

On Face, Neck, or Arms, shou'd bear in mind that DORENWEND'S SYSTEM OF

"ELECTROLYSIS"

Is the only method whereby the growths can be permanently removed. The treatment is painless, and cures positive. All who receive treatment express their entire satisfaction.

A. Dorenwend

Paris Hair Works and Beautifying Bazaar

103 and 105 Yonge Street

J. & J. LUGSDIN

THE LEADING

Hatters and Furriers

101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

JAS. COX & SON

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PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS

Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

JAMES PAPE

FLORAL ARTIST

78 Yonge Street, Toronto

Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the Shortest Notice.

Telephone 1461. Conservatories, 167 Carlaw Av., Queen St. East.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

LADIES

My method is meeting with great success from those who have received treatment. I guarantee a permanent removal, and can refer you to leading physicians and ladies that have received treatment. Inquiries may be made by post. Enclose six cent stamp.

Note the address: Madame Roudoir, 603 King St. West, Toronto.

Dineens' Great Hat Sale

WHOLESALE PROFITS ONLY

We wish it thoroughly understood that the prices on our hats cover but two profits---the manufacturer's and our own---which is in reality a wholesaler's profit. We buy in wholesale lots strictly for cash, direct from the manufacturer. We retail every day single hats at wholesale prices. Our stock is well known as the largest and finest in Toronto, probably in all Canada, and our facilities, thus explained, enable us at all times to sell any hat 50c lower than any competitor.

W. & D. DINEEN

Cor. King and Yonge Sts.

Orders By Mail Receive Prompt Attention.

FALL UNDERWEAR

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING ST. WEST, COR. JORDAN

Merino and Natural Wool

Shirts and Drawers, all Weights and Sizes

NEW FALL SCARFS

NEW FALL GLOVES

DENTS' AND FOWAL'S

FINE GOODS. LOW PRICES

WHEATON & CO.

17 KING STREET WEST, COR. JORDAN

JOHN FLETCHER

IRON AND STEEL WORK

Roofs, Girders, Beams, Stairs, Columns, and all kinds of Iron Work for Building Purpose

OFFICE:

530 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company

AND

THE MANUFACTURERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

Are two separate and distinct Companies with full Government Deposit.

The Authorized Capital and other Assets are respectively $2,000,000 and $1,000,000

PRESIDENT: RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, P. C., G. C. B.

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POLICIES ISSUED ON ALL THE APPROVED PLANS. LIFE POLICIES PURCHASED AND ANNUITIES GRANTED.

PIONEERS OF LIBERAL ACCIDENT POLICIES!

Issues Policies of all kinds at moderate rates. Policies covering Employers' Liability for Accidents to their workmen, under the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries' Act, 1886. Best and most liberal form of Workmen's Accident Policies. Premium payable by easy instalments, which meets a long-felt want

AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

H. S. MORISON & CO.

218 Yonge Street, corner Albert Street

DIRECT IMPORTERS OF

FINE

DRESS GOODS

54 Inch Broadcloths—All the latest fashionable shades for TAILOR-MADE COSTUMES, at 50c. worth 75c.

Henrietta Cloths—BLACK, AT ALL PRICES, and 20 DIFFERENT SHADES, IN COLORED, at 50c., 80c., 90c., $1, and up.

Amazon Cloths—BEAUTIFUL SHADES at 50c., as well as a LARGE and WELL-ASSORTED STOCK of the latest Novelties in Dress Goods.

Braid, Silk, Chamois and Curly Lamb Trimmings, TO MATCH ALL GOODS.

MANTLES

See our STYLISH imported JACKETS.

See our CHILDREN'S ULSTERS and MANTLES.

See our Handsome Ulster at $6 worth $10.

Corvesier's Guaranteed Kid Gloves $1, regular price $1.50.

SAMPLES SENT ON APPLICATION.

Mail Orders Receive our Careful Attention

DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING AN ART WITH US

Self Measurement Slips Sent to any Address

Her Discovery.

Bridget (stumbling into the new art-student's room at our boarding house)—Ol belave, be th' Saint's, Ol've shtruck thot felly thot's been wor rkin' in Phitchapel!—*Time.*

Society.

(Continued from Page Two.)

unknown here. Mr. Hamilton Merritt and the Misses Merritt represented Toronto at the ceremony.

•

Mrs. Wragge's At Home, last Saturday, was very largely attended. The ladies in particular flocked to Wellesley street *en masse.*

•

Mr. and Mrs. Louis Wildy of London, Eng., were in town last week. This lady and gentleman visited Toronto in the summer at the commencement of an extended tour through North America, and the friends they made on that occasion have induced them to come here a second time before sailing for home.

•

At the Grand this week the frightfully realistic horrors of La Tosca have been witnessed by many fashionable people. Both on Tuesday and Wednesday nights the house looked its smartest and best.

•

The three evenings of opera have also been a very fashionable attraction, but of that more next week.

•

Neither the attractions of the law nor the wooing voice of the political siren have been successful in keeping Mr. T. C. Robinette, well-known in legal and political life, from accepting the honors and duties of matrimony. The attractive force in this instance was Miss Carruthers, a daughter of Mr. John Carruthers of the P. O. Department.

•

Knox Church in which the ceremony took place is generally associated in my mind with a decorous audience, but on Tuesday night the voice of the chatterer held sway until the arrival of the principals in this interesting affair.

•

Mr. H. H. Dewart and Mr. R. U. McPherson are the gentlemen who undertook the responsible duty of seeing that the bridegroom was in his place and the ring in his possession at the proper time. Shortly after these had taken their seats near the vestry door, the bridal party entered. Miss Carruthers wore a most becoming gown of white satin, with tulle veil, orange blossoms, and carried a bouquet of white roses, whilst her maids, the Misses Mina and Maud Carruthers, were gowned in white silk and carried bouquets of pink and yellow flowers.

•

After the wedding ceremony, performed by Rev. Dr. Parsons, was over, the party drove to Mr. Carruthers' residence, where a reception was held, after which Mr. and Mrs. Robinette left by the night train for New York and the Eastern States.

•

Miss Rose Coghlan, who charmed all hearts here during her visit last spring, and who plays in Jocelyn at the Grand next week, has evidently many warm friends and admirers at the capital. I hear that Mrs. Charles T. Watson gave an afternoon tea at the Russell in honor of Miss Coghlan's visit to Ottawa. Some of the nicest people in Ottawa were invited, and it was altogether a most delightful affair. Lady Macdonald, Sir Frederick and Lady Middleton, Sir James and Lady Grant, Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron, Mr. Kimber, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert O'Meara, Mr. and Mrs. Griffin, Mr. and Mrs. Russell, the Misses Sherwood, Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson, Captain and Mrs. Heron, Mr. and Mrs. Patee, Mr. and Mrs. Gundry, the Misses Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Avery, and Mrs. Galt, Mr. and Mrs. Tuller, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. MacIntosh, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Scotchkiss, Dr. James Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Skead, Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Chapleau and many others were there.

•

The hospitable doors of Shrewsbury Lodge were flung open last night to receive the numerous friends who had accepted the invitations of Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Merritt and Mr. O. A. Howland to a small dance to their younger friends. Nine o'clock was the hour mentioned on the cards, and soon after Corlett's orchestra, which had been stationed in the extension at the eastern end of the large drawing-room, lent its timely strains to the dancers. Eighteen numbers were down on the cards with three extras, which, with such a spacious drawing-room as that of Shrewsbury Lodge to dance them in, was pleasure indeed. Shortly after midnight supper was served in the large servants' hall, after which dancing was resumed until 2 a.m., at which hour home was generally the word with those who had enjoyed the delightful hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Merritt and Mr. Oliver Howland.

•

Amongst those present were Mrs. MacMahon, Mrs. Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. P. F. Ridout, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Delisle, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holland, the Misses Yarker, Mr. and Miss Heward, Miss A. Heward, Miss Robinson, Capt. and Mrs. Grant, the Misses Todd, the Misses Larratt Smith, Mrs. and Miss Langmuir, Mr. Archie Langmuir, the Misses Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, the Misses Shanly, the Misses Horton, the Messrs. and Miss Irwin, the Misses Jones, the Misses Beatty, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Lt.-Col. and the Misses Denison, Mr. L. A. Tilley, Mr. Jas. Morrow, Mr. A. C. Gibson, Mr. Mervyn Mackenzie, Mr. Bristol, Mr. Owen Ritchie, Mr. H. Coulson, Mr. H. Brock, Mr. Lyman Dwight, Mr. J. D. Hay.

Personal.

Sir Leonard and Lady Tilley left Toronto for home on Wednesday morning.

Miss Taplin of Farmersville is in town, the guest of her sister, Mrs. E. E. Manhard of Peter street.

I hear the tickets are going off rapidly for the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society's concert next week.

I hear with regret that Mr. Richard Jaffray of the Galt *Reporter* is confined to his room by a serious illness.

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, well-known to the readers of Harper's *Magazine*, is in town, and has made the Queen's his headquarters. He is amongst us taking notes.

Our old friends the Jubilee Singers are to be with us again. On Thursday, November 1, at the Pavilion, and on Friday, the 2nd, at Dr. Wild's church, Bond street. They are welcome visitors.

Miss Agnes Knox, a young lady elocutionist, has returned from a somewhat extended visit to Scotland, and on Tuesday afternoon gave a series of readings to the pupils of the Normal School.

Mrs. A. Webber and Miss Louie Webber, who are now visiting in Minneapolis, will probably remain there until the spring, returning then to Toronto accompanied by Mr. Webber who is now in England.

An old theatrical friend has been with us during the week, none other than Mr. Augustus Pitou, the late manager of the Grand Opera House. Mr. Pitou stays in town until the arrival of the Rose Coghlan company.

A piano scholarship, good for one year's free instruction from the donor, Mrs. Edgar Jarvis, was won on Monday evening last, in competition with several other pupils of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, by Miss Louie Reeves.

On Thursday last Mr. Wm. Fralick of the Toronto Temple of Music was married to Miss Rachael Wright, daughter of Mr. Jacob Wright, and was made the recipient of handsome presents from both the employer and employes of the Temple.

Mr. H. Wiman, a son of Mr. Erastus Wiman, has been visiting in the city during the past week on his way home from a shooting party at Lake of Bays. Mr. Wiman was one of a theater party on Monday night, with Mr. Dugald McMurchy and Mr. Harry Brock.

Mr. Thomas McGaw of the Queen's, Mr. D. Isaacs of the Prospect House, Niagara Falls, Rev. Geo. F. Rosenmiller of Niagara Falls, Mr. G. B. McMurrich and Mr. Samuel May left last night for the North Channel Club-house, St. Clair Bay, where they will spend a month duck shooting.

The appointment of A. H. Gilbert as treasurer of the Manufacturers' Life Insurance Co. is the most fortunate one the Board of Directors could have made. As Toronto manager of the Sun Insurance Co. he has proved himself not only able but affable, and has made the multitude of friends which can be ascribed as the reason of his rapid advancement.

Miss Hope Glen and the grand concert company of which this celebrated contralto is a member, will probably appear in the Pavilion on Tuesday, November 23. Madame Careno, Miss Emma Juch and Mr. Leopold Lichtenberg are also members of this strong combination. Torontonians well remember Miss Glen, who appeared here with Nilsson abut five years ago. Since then Miss Glen has been singing in the large European cities.

Dr. Alexander Forice of Collingwood, and his wife, *nee* Miss Winnifred Fair, passed through the city on Thursday. They were married on Wednesday by Rev. Dr. Campbell and Rev. D. McLaren, brothers-in-law of the groom, and are going east on their honeymoon. Dr. Forice is a Kingston graduate and is well-known in Belleville, where he was born. The wedding, as described in the daily press, was a very elaborate affair.

I heard, after going to press last week, tha the departure for England of Mrs. Hugh Macdonald and Miss Bessie Macdonald was hastened by the receipt of a cable message conveying the news of Mrs. Macdonald's sister's (Miss Gordon) dangerous illness at Bournemouth. Mrs. and Miss Macdonald left town within twenty-four hours after receiving the message. Mrs. Hugh Macdonald was to have issued cards for an evening At Home as a farewell to her daughter, Miss Bessie Macdonald, and sister, Mrs. Mortimer Clarke, who leave here in November to spend the winter in Egypt and Palestine.

Mr. A. F. Webster, General Steamship Agent, has booked the following passengers for Europe this month: Messrs. Geo. Boyd, A. Crawford, A. Hewat, J. S. Smith, A. Mackenzie, Jno. Lillie, Jno. Dudgeon, Geo. A. Jones, Miss Cous, Miss Everett, Mrs. McDonald, Miss Bessie McDonald, Miss Dickson, Wm. Coogan, J. W. Gray, Harry Lucas, J. E. Moseley, Wm. Kerfoot, Miss Ainsley, Miss F. E. Ainsley, S. Firkins, Miss Peters, Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Geo. Gavin, A. Russell, R. Morris, W. H. Brewtnall, Mrs. M. Bethune, Mrs. Causey and three children, Jno. Hunter, Wm. McAulay, H. A. Francis, Hy. Hyndman, Mrs. Hyndman, Miss Laura Coleman, Rev. A. Gaudier, Robt. Barclay, A. J. Burt, G. W. Willows, M. Flaherty, J. McFarlane, Jno. Nelson, Wm. Roden, Samuel Martin, J. J. Jenkenson, D. Swan, Fred Johnson, Jno. Ellis, Mrs. Ellis, Jno. McGuire and Geo. Murdoch.

Uncle Sam has taken another of Toronto's daughters for his own. On Wednesday, October 17, Miss Laura Webber was united in marriage to Mr. Will S. Tayler of St. Joseph, Mo., the ceremony being in Gethsemane Episcopal Church, Minneapolis. The bridesmaids were Miss Louie Webber, sister of the bride, and Miss Frankie Finch of Minneapolis; the groomsmen, Messrs. George Webber and Fred Tayler, brothers of the bride and groom. Among the guests were the following Canadians who have made their homes in Minneapolis or St. Paul: Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Ballard and family, Miss M. A. Morphy, Mr. Herbert Morphy, Mrs. Samuel Morphy, Miss Hattie Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Tully, Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Jaffray, Mr. Clive Jaffray, Mr. A. Bostwick, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. MacArthur, Dr. and Mrs. Moore, Dr. and Mrs. Dillingham, The Misses Lyniskey, also Mrs. Jaffray, sr., of Berlin, Ont., and Mr. and Mrs. Tayler of St. Joseph, Mo., were present at the marriage. The happy pair will be at their home 320 North Seventh street, St. Joseph, on October 29, after a tour through Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City.

Prominently situated at the very heart of the West End, on the corner of Queen street and Denison avenue, stand the commodious premises of A. A. Alexander, the hatter and furrier. Ladies and gentlemen desiring to choose from a large and varied stock of hats and furs, should call on him. Mr. Alexander has the sole right of selling the ladies Queen's Own cap in the west end of the city.

A Modern Instance.

Doctor—Young man, your father is very sick. You must be prepared for everything, my boy.

Son—Humph! prepared for everything. If I get half the estate I'll be doing well.

Out of Town.

BRANTFORD.

Mrs. W. H. Grassett has gone to Simcoe. She will remain in Canada for several months before returning to her home in Los Angeles, Cal.

Mr. D. Glass, manager of the Montreal Bank here for the last three years, has been transferred to the Wallaceburg branch, and leaves shortly with his family. He will be succeeded by Mr. A. J. C. Gallately of Port Hope.

Mr. H. H. Powley of the B. N. A. Bank is filling a temporary vacancy in the Paris branch.

Mr. Temple of the B. N. A. Bank has returned from Paris, where he has been relieving for the last few weeks.

Mr. A. Jones of Toronto spent Sunday with his friends in town.

Miss Bunnell and Miss Salter have returned from a month's visit to Brockville and Toronto, and are looking much benefited by the change.

Mrs. T. Lindsay Creighton of Kingston was here last week on a short visit to her sister, Mrs. A. Robertson.

Mrs. J. E. Waterous gave a pleasant party last Saturday evening in honor of Miss Cameron of Goderich, who is at present visiting Miss De Long, and who will also spend a few weeks with Miss Christie.

Mrs. C. H. Waterous entertained a few friends last Monday evening.

Mrs. A. K. Bunnell's At Home last Friday evening in honor of her friend, Mrs. W. H. Grassett, was delightful. Among the guests were Mr. and Mrs. H. McK. Wilson and Miss M. Nelles, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, Mrs. Lally of Lancingburg, Miss Leonard and Mr. H. Leonard, Capt. and Mrs. W. A. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Blackadder, Mrs. Baldwin and Miss Bobb of New Orleans, the Misses Salter, Miss Gould, Mr. R. L. Gould, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Waterous, Miss Edith Harris of Toronto, Miss Nita Nelles, Miss May Bennett, Miss Kate Wilkes, the Misses Curtis, Mr. H. Curtis, Capt. A. E. Christie, Mr. C. Nelles, Mr. G. Muirhead, Mr. F. D. Reville, Mr. Ralph Reville, Mr. Pike, Mr. A. Yates, Mr. A. Watts, Mr. J. Wallace, Mr. H. T. Minty.

EVENING GOWN—Production of the Atradome, Toronto.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

DOBSON—On September 22, at Toronto, Mrs. C. A. Dobson—a son.

GUNDY—On October 19, at Toronto, Mrs. M. Fred. Gundy—a son.

LUMMIS—On October 14, at Serpent River, Algoma, Mrs. W. D. Lummis—a daughter.

PEARSON—On October 18, at Berlin, Mrs. H. Fred. Pearson—a son.

SHAW—On October 15, Mrs. F. W. L. Shaw—a son.

McPHERSON—On October 21, at Toronto, Mrs. W. D. McPherson—a son.

CUTHBERTSON—On October 19, at Toronto, Mrs. F. H. Cuthbertson—a son.

BRISTOL—On October 21, at Hamilton, Mrs. G. E. Bristol—a son.

MILLER—On October 19, at Toronto, Mrs. Isadore Miller—a daughter.

TAYLOR—On October 18, Mrs. T. B. Taylor—a daughter.

KEIGHLEY—On October 18, at Toronto, Mrs. H. J. Keighley—a daughter.

PARDOE—On October 24, Mrs. Avern Pardoe—a daughter.

Marriages.

BEWICKE BEWICKE—McEWEN—On October 16, at Banff Springs, by the Rev. Grenville Christmas, Percival Bacon, second son of Robert Calverly Bewicke-Bewicke, of Coulby Manor, Yorkshire, Eng., to Dorothea, third daughter of Alexander McEwen, of Mottingham, Kent, Eng.

BOND—STONE—On October 18, at Guelph, William George Bond, to Eliza Stone.

TAYLER—WEBBER—On October 17, at Minneapolis, William S. Tayler, of St. Joseph, Mo., to Laura Emiline Webber of Toronto.

CHEESBROUGH—LEAMAN—On October 22, at Toronto, J. Buchan Cheesbrough to Clara Leaman, both of Toronto.

HAMILTON—WEBSTER—On October 23, at Galt, Nellie Webster to Mort. Hamilton, both of Galt.

JOHNSON—TAYLOR—On October 17, at Stayner, James Orton Johnson to Bella Jane Taylor.

ACLAND—ADAIR—On October 24, at Toronto, Fred A. Acland of Toronto, to Lizzie A Adair of Toronto.

ROGERS—HOOVER—On October 16, at the residence of the bride's parents, Picton, Ont., by Rev. Jas. Young, Chas. H. Rogers of Toronto, with Elias Rogers & Co., to Mabel V. Hoover.

COURTICE—BROWN—On October 24, at Toronto, A. C. Courtice, B.D., to Ada Mary Brown.

FLEMING—OFORD—On October 23, at Toronto, Robert J. Fleming to Lydia J. Oxford.

FORIE—FAIR—On October 24, at Collingwood, Alex. Forie, M.D., to Winnifred Fair, all of Collingwood.

JAMESON—McEWAN

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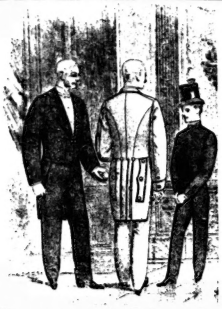

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